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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

DEMOCRACY, SLAVERY AND THE UNION ONE AND INDIVISIBLE.

SPEECH OF CHARLES O'CONOR, ESQ.,*

At the Union-Saving Meeting, in the Academy of Music, New York, December 19, 1859.

* * * It was in 1776 that there assembled in this country the first, the very first, assembly of national men who have proclaimed, in clear and undeniable form, the immutable principles of liberty, and consecrated, to all time, I trust, and in the face of tyrants, and in opposition to their power, the rights of nations and the rights of man. These patriots, as soon as the storm of war had passed away, sat down, gents, and framed that instrument upon which our Union rests, the Constitution of the United States of America. And the question now before us is neither more nor less than this: whether that Constitution, consecrated by the blood shed in that glorious revolution, consecrated by the signature of the most illustrious man who ever lived, George Washington—whether that instrument, accepted by the wisest and the best of that day, and accepted in convention, one by one, by each and every of the States of this Union—that instrument from which so many blessings have flown—whether that instrument was conceived in crime, is a chapter of abominations, is a violation of justice, is a league between strong-handed but wicked-hearted white men to oppress, and impoverish and plunder, contrary to rectitude, honor and justice, our fellow-creatures? That is the question, neither more nor less. We are told from pulpits, we are told from the political arena, we are told in the legislative assemblages of our Northern States, not merely by speakers, but by distinct resolutions of the whole body, we are told by gentlemen occupying seats in the Congress of the Union by the votes of Northern people, that that Constitution seeks to enshrine, to protect, to defend a monstrous crime against justice and humanity, and that it is our duty to defeat its provisions, to outwit them, if we cannot otherwise get rid of them, and to trample upon the rights which it has declared shall be insured and protected to our Southern brethren. That is what they declare. And the question is whether that declaration necessarily involves the destruction of our Union if it be permitted to prevail as it has hitherto prevailed? And whether it shall be permitted to prevail? Now, gentlemen, I trust you will excuse me for deliberately coming up to and meeting this question—not seeking to captivate your fancy by a trick of words—not seeking to exalt your imagination by any effort at declamation or eloquence—but to meet this question bravely, steadily and soberly, and ask you what is to be our course in relation to it? Gentlemen, the Constitution guarantees to the people of the Southern States the protection of their slave property. In that respect it is a solemn compact between the North and South. As a solemn compact, are we at liberty to violate it? Are we at liberty to seek to take some mean, petty advantage of it? Are we at liberty to con over its particular words, and to restrict and to limit its operation, so as to acquire under it a right, by hostile and adverse legislation, to interfere with the interests, to wound the feelings, and to trample upon the political rights of our Southern brethren? No, gentlemen. If it be a compact and has anything sacred in it, we are bound to observe it in good faith, honestly and honorably up to the letter, and not in any mincing, half-way, unfair and illiberal construction, seeking to satisfy the letter, and to give as little as we can and to defeat the spirit. That may be the way that some men keep a contract about the sale of a house or some chattel, but it is not the way that honest men observe contracts even in relation to the most trivial things. What has been done, having its tendency to disturb harmony under the Constitution, to break down and destroy the happy union now existing between these States? Why, gentlemen, at an early period the subject of slavery, as a mere philosophical question, was discussed by many, and its justice or injustice made the subject of various opinions and arguments. It mattered little how long this discussion confined itself in this way if it had only led to the formation of some society like the Shakers, who do not believe in matrimony; some society like the people of Utah, destined to a short life, who believe in too much matrimony; or some society of people like the strong-minded women of our country, who believe that women are much better qualified than men to perform the functions and offices usually performed by men, and who probably would, if they had their way, simply change the order of proceeding, and transfer the husband to the kitchen and themselves to the cabinet. So long, I say, as this sentimentality touching slavery confined itself to the formation of parties and societies of this description, it certainly could do no harm, and we could satisfy ourselves with the maxim that "Error can do little harm as long as truth is left free to combat it." But, unfortunately, gentlemen, this sentimentality has found its way out of the meeting-houses, from among pious people, assemblages of speculative philosophers, societies formed to benefit the inhabitants of Boorooboo-la-gha—it has found its way into the hearts of the selfish politicians; it has been made the war-cry of party; it has been the instrument whereby to elevate not merely to distinction and rank and station, but to political power, throughout the non-slaveholding States of this Union, men who advocate a course of conduct necessarily exasperating the South, and rendering them in their lives and their property unsafe each hour, unsafe each night that they retire to their chambers, making it a matter of dread whether they shall dare to retire to their slumbers without sentries and safeguards to protect them against incursions from the North. I say that the effect has been to elevate, on the strength of this sentiment, men to power. And what is the condition of things at this day? Why, gentlemen, the occasion that calls us together is the occasion of a raid upon the State of Virginia by a few misguided fanatics, though the best, the bravest and the most virtuous of all the abolition party—a raid, on the Sabbath day, at the dead hour of night, with the support of pikes, with which it was intended that the bondman should slay his master, his master's wife, and his master's little children. That is the occasion that calls us together, and connected with it at this instant what do we find? That a book which substantially recommends the same general course of provocation towards the South that has been long pursued has been recommended by sixty-eight members of your Congress—recommended by sixty-eight of your members of Congress, all from Northern States, all from non-slaveholding States—who, with the assistance of their associates, some of whom hold their offices by your votes, there is great danger that they will elect to the highest office in that body, where he will sit as a representative of the people of the North, a man who recommended that work to be distributed and disseminated like poison and death through the regions of the South. Is it not fair to say that this great and glorious Union is menaced when such a state of things is found to exist? Is it reasonable to expect that our brethren of the South will calmly sit down and submit quietly to such a state of things? Why, gentlemen, we greatly exceed them in numbers. The non-slaveholding States are more populous; they are increasing daily, and shortly we may reasonably suppose that we will overwhelm them in point of numbers; and if we continue to fill the halls of legislation, if we will persist to keep in the Executive chair public men who declare themselves to be enlisted in a crusade against slavery, who censure the provisions of the Constitution which secure that species of property, what can we reasonably expect from the people of the South but that they will pronounce the Constitution—with all its glorious associations, with all its sacred memories—this Union, with all its manifold present and promised blessings—actually an evil which threatens to crush and to destroy them in their dearest institutions, to make their country a wilderness and worthless unto them; and why should we expect them—why should we expect them, while we thus conduct ourselves under it, to submit to such conduct, to recognize us as brethren, and to agree to the perpetuation of this Union? I don't see, for my part, anything unjust, anything unreasonable, in the cry of the Southern members, "If you will thus assail us with incendiary pamphlets, if you will thus create a spirit in your country which leads to violence and to bloodshed amongst us, if you will assail all the interests upon which the prosperity of our country depends, and will elevate to office over us men who are pledged to carry out such objects, we cannot—much as we revere it, and greatly as we hoped for blessings from it—we cannot stand by this Union. For my part, gentlemen, if the North continues to degrade itself in the selection of representatives to the Congress of the United States as it has, from perhaps a certain degree of negligence and inattention upon a subject heretofore degraded itself, the South is not be censured if it withdraws from the Union. We are not, gentlemen, to hold a meeting to say that "we love this Union; we delight in it; we are proud of it; it blesses us, and we enjoy it; we shall fill all its offices with men of our own choosing, and, our brethren of the South, you shall enjoy its glories; you shall enjoy its mighty recollections; but it shall trample your institutions in the dust." We have no right to say it. We have no right to exact so much; and an opposite and entirely different course, fellow-citizens, must be ours—must be the course of the great North—if we would preserve this Union. And, gentlemen, what is this glorious Union? What must we sacrifice if we exasperate our brethren of the South, and compel them, by injustice and breach of compact, to separate from us and to dissolve it? Why, gentlemen, the greatness and the glory of the American name will then be a thing of yesterday. The glorious Revolution of the thirteen States will be a revolution not achieved by us, but by a nation that has ceased to exist. The name of Washington will, to us at least at the North, be but as the name of Julius Cæsar or some other great hero who has lived in times gone by, and whose nation has perished, and exists no more. The Declaration of Independence, what will that be? Why, the declaration of a State that no longer has a being. All these bright and glorious recollections of the past must be obliterated from our memories and become mere memorials of a by-gone race and people. A line must divide the North and the South. What will be the consequence? Will this mighty city, growing as it now is, with wealth pouring into it from every portion of this mighty empire—will it continue to flourish as it has done? Will your marble palaces that line Broadway, and raise their proud tops to the sky, continue to rise until, as is now promised under the Union, it will present the most glorious picture of wealth, prosperity and happiness that the world has ever seen? No! gentlemen, no! such things cannot be. I do not say that we will starve, that we will perish, as a people, if we separate from the South. Draw the line. Let them have their prosperity and we have ours; but meagre, small in the extreme, compared with what is promised, will then be the prosperity of each. Truly has it been said here to-night, "We were made for each other; separate us, and, although you may not destroy us, you reduce each to so low a scale that well might humanity deplore the evil courses that brought us to such an end." True, gentlemen, we would have our share of the glories of the Revolution left. Our people shed their blood, sent forth their heroes and sent forth their patriots as well as the South. But the line, gentlemen, would take away from us the grave of Washington, which is in his own beloved Virginia. 'Tis in the State and near the spot where this treason that has been growing up in the North culminated in bloodshed and violence. We would lose the grave and lose the name of Washington. And our philanthrophie and our pious friends who fain would lead us to this result would, of course, comfort us with the consoling reflection that we had the glorious memory of John Brown in its place. Are you, gentlemen, prepared to make the exchange? Shall the tomb of Washington, that rises upon the banks of the Potomac, receiving its tribute from every nation of the earth—shall that become the property of a fallen State, hostile to us in its feelings, and shall we erect a monument in North Elba, among the wilds of the interior, and make pilgrimages there to console us for the loss of every glorious recollection, to console us for our severance from being connected with him who was recognized as the Father of his Country? No, gentlemen, we are not prepared, I trust, for this severance. We are not prepared, I trust, either to part with our glories, to give up our affection for the South, nor are we prepared to have our section of the country made to take its share in the loss and deprivation of the blessings and advantages which would result to each from this most unhappy sentiment of disunion. Gentlemen, we never would have attained the wealth and prosperity as a nation which we have attained but for our connection with these very much despised and trodden upon slaveholders of the Southern States. And, gentlemen, if the dissolution is to take place, we part with the wealth of the South, we part with the trade of the South, and we are told from good authority that we must not only part with the non-slaveholding States, but that our young sister with the golden crown—rich, teeming California, which has added the last requisite item to the greatness of this nation—will not come with us. She will remain with the South.

Gentlemen, if we allow this course of injustice towards the South to continue, these are to be the consequences—evil to us, evil to them. Everything of which we are most proud, as well as everything which contributes most to our greatness and prosperity as a nation, must pass from us, and probably will pass away from them; and the question is, why should we permit it? There is a reason preached to us for permitting it. We are told that slavery is unjust; we are told that it is a matter of conscience to pull it down; and that whether treaties or compacts, or laws or constitutions have been made to sanction and uphold it, it is still unholy, and we are bound to trample upon those institutions and stand by what these men arrogantly tell us is the law of God and the principles of natural justice. These two things, gentlemen, are not distinguishable. The law of God and natural justice, as between man and man, are one and the same. The wisest philophers of ancient times—heathen philosophers—said "The rule of conduct between man and man is, to live honestly, to injure no man, and to render to every man his due." In words far more direct and emphatic, in words of the most perfect comprehensiveness, the Savior of the world gave us the same rule in one short sentence—"Love thy neighbor as thyself" (applause). Now, speaking between us, people of the North and of the South, I ask you to act upon this maxim—the maxim of the heathen—the command of the living God: "Render to every man his due," "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Thus we should live towards the South; and upon that maxim which came from Him of Nazareth we are to put no new-fangled wisdom in interpretation; we are not to say that there are ministers of God at this day who are wiser than the propounder of the Gospel of God himself whilst here. These maxims should govern between us and our brethren of the South. But, gentlemen, the question is, do they? Do they justify the assertion of those who seek to invade the rights of the South by proclaiming negro slavery unjust? That is the point to which this great argument must come. Is negro slavery unjust? If it is unjust, it violates that first rule of human conduct—"Render to every man his due." If it is unjust, it violates the law of God, which says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," for that requires that we should perpetrate no injustice. Gentlemen, if it could be maintained that negro slavery was unjust, perhaps I might be prepared—perhaps we all ought to be prepared—to go with that distinguished man to whom allusion is frequently made, and say, "There is a higher law which compels us to trample beneath our feet the Constitution established by our fathers, with all the blessings it secures to their children." But I insist—and that is the argument which we must meet, and on which we must come to a conclusion that shall govern our actions in the future selection of representatives in the Congress of the United States—I insist that negro slavery is not unjust. It is not unjust; that it is benign in its influences upon the white man, and upon the black man; that it is ordained by nature; that it is an institution created by nature itself; that it carries with it duties for the black man, and duties for the white, which duties cannot be performed except by the preservation and—if gentlemen please—the perpetuation of the system. And one of the reasons for this is that I have been taught it by the highest tribunal in our country, and the most venerable exponents of the principles of justice and of the bearing and effect of your Constitution. The Supreme Court of the United States has told us, what wisdom will ever pronounce to be sound and just doctrine, that there are some principles well known, well understood, universally recognized and universally acknowledged among men, that are not to be found written in constitutions or in laws. The people of the United States were, as every other nation must be, in some sense peculiar and different from other nations of the earth. We were white men, of—what is commonly called by way of distinction—the Caucasian race. We were a monogamous people; that is to say, we were not Mohammedans, nor followers of Jo Smith, with half-a-dozen wives a piece. It was a fundamental principle of our morality that no State could exist or be tolerated in this Union which should not, in that respect, resemble all the other States of the Union. Many other distinctive features might be stated which mark us as a people distinct from others, incapable of associating on terms of perfect political equality, as friends and fellow-citizens, with some kinds of people that are to be found upon the face of the earth. As a white nation, we made our Constitution and made our laws, vesting political rights in that race of white American people. As to the negro, why, we allowed him to live under the shadow and protection of our laws. We gave him, as we were bound to give him, protection against outrage and contumely; we denied to him, however, political rights or the power of government; and we left him, as long as the community in which he lived should please so to order, in the condition of a bondman. Now, gentlemen, to that condition the negro is assigned by nature. The history of mankind shows that his class cannot prosper—that they die out and become extinct in any cold or in any very temperate clime; but in the warm, the extremely warm regions, his race can prosper and be perpetuated. He has strength and is competent to labor, but the nature which created him denied to him either the intellect to govern or the willingness to work. Both were denied him. That nature which deprived him of the will to labor gave him a master to coerce that will, and made him a useful and valuable servant in the clime in which he was capable of living for himself and for the master over him. Now, gentlemen, I maintain that it is not injustice to leave the negro in that condition in which nature placed him—to leave him in a state of pupilage and give him a master to govern him and supply his deficiencies. Nor is it depriving him of any of his rights to compel him to labor in return, and afford to that master a just compensation for the labor and the talent employed in governing him and rendering him useful to himself and to the society in which he lives. These are the principles, gentlemen, which the extreme measure Abolitionists compel us to meet. This is the ground that we must take. We are not to talk about slaves being an evil—of slavery being a thing which, though pernicious, must be tolerated because we have made a bargain to tolerate it. We are to look at it as it is; we are to look at it by the voice of inspiration, as to be found in the Sacred Volume, which nowhere condemns the bondage of those who are only fit for bondage. We must look at it with the eyes of sound philosophy, and we must pronounce it just, benign, lawful and proper. We must consider that the Constitution established by our fathers, which preserves and maintains it, is not unjust, not wicked, but sound and wise, and entitled to our fullest and heartiest protection; and that our execrations are due to any man, whoever he may be, who objects to enforcing the provisions of that Constitution with the utmost good faith, or who seeks, by any indirection, to get away from its binding obligations, and to sow unhappiness, insurrection, discord or trouble of any description throughout the territories of our Southern neighbors. These are the principles upon which we must act. This is what we must say to our brethren of the South. If we have sent men into Congress who are false to these views and are seeking to violate the compact which binds us together, we must ask to be forgiven until we have another chance. We must tell them that these men shall be consigned to piracy, and true men, men faithful to the Constitution, men loving all portions of the country alike, shall be elected in their stead. And, gentlemen, we must do more than promise that—we must perform it. But a word more, gentlemen, and I have done. I have no doubt at all that what I have said to you this evening will be greatly misrepresented. It is very certain that I have not had time enough to enlarge properly and fully, to explain the interesting topics which I have ventured to express myself boldly and distinctly upon, taking the consequences, be they what they may. But I will say a single word by way of explanation. I have maintained the justice of slavery; I have maintained it because I hold that the negro is decreed by nature to a state of pupilage under the dominion of the white man in every clime where God and nature meant the negro should live at all. I say a state of pupilage; and that I may be rightly understood, I say that it is the duty of the white man to treat him kindly; that it is the interest of the white man to treat him kindly; that if the white man in the climes where slavery exists is only let alone by the crazy fanatics who are raising disturbances in the climes where slavery does not exist, whatever laws, whatever improvements, whatever variations in the conduct of society are necessary for the purpose of enforcing in every instance the dictates of interest and humanity, as between the white man and the black, will be faithfully and fairly carried out in that progress of improvement in all those things in which we are all engaged. It is not pretended that the master has a right to slay his slave; it is not pretended that he has a right to be guilty of harshness and inhumanity to his slave. The laws of all these Southern States forbid that. Why, we have not a right here at the North to be guilty of cruelty and inhumanity to a horse. It is an indictable offence to commit such cruelty. The same laws exist in the South; and if there is any failure in enforcing them to the fullest extent, it is due to the misconduct of this external force which is pressing upon the Southern States, and compels them to abstain perhaps from many acts beneficent towards the negro, which otherwise would be performed. In truth, in fact, in deed, the white man in the slaveholding States has no more right to the exercise of authority under the law of the land over his slave, he can no more violate humanity with respect to them than any one of you, or any father in any of the free States of this Union can exercise acts violative of humanity towards his own son under the age of twenty-one. So far as the law is concerned, you own your boys, you have a right, and have a right to their services until they are twenty-one. You can make them work for you; you have the right to hire out their services and take the pay for it; you have the right to chastise them with judgment and reason if they violate your commands; and they are entirely without political rights. Not one of them at the age of twenty years and eleven months ever can go to the polls and give a vote. Therefore, gentlemen, before the law, there is but one difference between the free white man of twenty years of age in the Northern States and the negro bondman in the Southern States. The white man is to be emancipated at twenty-one, because his God-given gifts entitle him to emancipation and fit him for the duties to devolve upon him. The negro, to be sure, is to be a bondman for life. He may be sold from one master to another, but where is the ill in that?—one may be as good as another. If there be laws with respect to the mode of sale, which, by separating man and wife, do occasionally lead to that which shocks humanity, and may be said to violate all propriety and all conscience—if such things are done, let the South alone and they will correct it. Let our brethren of the South take care of their own domestic institutions, and they will do it. They will so govern them as to put an end to any acts of this description, if they are occasionally committed, as perhaps they are, which are contrary to all just conceptions of right and humanity. I have never yet known a nation conquered from evil practices, brought to the light of civilization, brought to the light of religion and the knowledge of the Gospel by the bayonet, by penal laws, by external persecutions of any kind. There is no way by raising declamations and outcry against a people from those abroad and outside of their territory that you can improve their manners or their morals in any respect. No; if you attack the vices of a people, you make them cling to their vices from the not very censurable feeling of manhood and patriotism. Let them alone, gentlemen; and if there be any errors in this respect, they will correct them. There is but one way in which you can thus leave them to the guidance of their own judgment, by which you can retain them in this Union as our brethren and perpetuate this glorious Union we enjoy; and that is by resolving, without any reference to the political party or faction to which any one of you may belong—without reference to the name, political or otherwise, which you may please to bear—the name of association—resolving that the man, be he who he may, who advocates that slavery is unjust and ought to be assailed or legislated against, or who agitates the subject of extinguishing slavery in any of its forms as a political hobby, that that man shall be denied your suffrages, and not only denied your suffrages, but that you will select from the ranks of the opposite party, or your own, if necessary, the man you like least, who entertains opposite sentiments, but through whose instrumentality you may be enabled to defeat his election, and to secure in the counsels of the nation men who are true to the Constitution, who are lovers of the Union, and who are resolved upon no consideration of imaginary benevolence for people who really do not desire their aid to sacrifice or to jeopard in any degree the blessings we enjoy under this Union. May it be perpetual.

* Mr. O'Conor stands at the head of the New York Bar and the New York Democracy. In this speech he has the courage to face the real question now before the American people and to place the defence of his party upon the only logical basis, viz., the rightfulness of slavery and the constitutional duty of the North to aid in maintaining and extending it.—*Editor.*

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOHN BROWN.—The well-known signature "C." in *The Independent* newspaper, volunteers two columns of suggestions, all no doubt very valuable, in regard to the "best mode of procedure" in the proposed meeting next Monday evening, and in conclusion quotes from one of John Brown's letters, of which it says:

"Noble sentiments in simple, noble language! This is the true Gospel. This is the Gospel we endeavor to proclaim in the church on Union Square."

Of course it is. Treason has been preached there for a long time; and henceforth the Epistle of Osawatomie Brown will no doubt be faithfully expounded.

The John Brown prayer-meetings, held in the same place, are characteristic. The first one held there, as described by a good disciple of Lloyd Garrison, was "attended by professed infidels, swearers, men who hadn't entered a church for years—all joining in devout prayer." It reminded him of the Millennium. The main difficulty was, that some of them were too mad for utterance, if we may believe report.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Selections.

JOHN BROWN'S "TREASON" JUSTIFIED BY THE WORD OF GOD.

SPEECH OF THE REV. DR. CHEEVER,

At the Cooper Institute, Dec. 15, 1859.

Two hundred years ago, after the completed action of Oliver Cromwell and the regicides, John Milton took his pen and, in his work on the Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, proved that it is lawful and right to call to account a tyrant or a wicked king, and to put him to death. On the same principles, but with still greater power of demonstration, would John Milton have approved John Brown's effort to deliver an enslaved race in these United States from the cruelty of a tyrannical and wicked government; and the man's disinterested benevolence and desperate attempt would be a fit and worthy subject, even for the genius of the poet of the "Paradise Lost." "But there is another sort," says Milton, "who, coming in the course of these affairs to have their share in the great actions above the form of law and custom, or at least to give their voice and approbation, begin to swerve and almost shiver at the majesty and grandeur of some noble deed, as if they were newly entering into a great sin; disputing precedents, forms and circumstances, when the Commonwealth nigh perishes for want of deeds, in substance, done with just and faithful expedition. To these I wish better instruction, and virtue equal to their calling—the former of which, that is to say, instruction, I shall endeavor to bestow on them." Would to God that Milton were living at this hour, to speak to John Brown's countrymen, with "that voice whose sound was like the sea," the lessons of John Brown's piety and heroism. Some men are afraid even to praise him; yet he is powerful even in that fear. And of him may be said what Wordsworth wrote of a hero of like spirit, Toussaint L'Ouverture—

> "Thou hast left behind
> Powers that will work for thee, air, earth and skies;
> There's not a breathing of the common wind
> That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
> Thy friends are exaltations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

Under the Constitution of the United States, and by the word of God, John Brown had a perfect right to proclaim liberty to the enslaved and to labor for their deliverance. If the Constitution had forbidden him to do this, while the word of God commanded him, then he would have been bound to obey the word of God, anything in the Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. But there is nothing in the Constitution requiring John Brown or any other man to defend slavery, or not to oppose it. If God's word required him to oppose it, he could commit no treason against the Constitution or against his country by obeying God. It was John Brown's natural right to protest against slavery, and in every just and righteous way to put that protest into action; and any State establishing slavery by law, though God has forbidden it, and forbidding such a protest by law, though God has required it, instantly makes such a protest not only a right, but a duty, and doubly both. John Brown was at liberty not only to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," but also to protest against the unrighteous law. The State, commanding the wickedness and forbidding the protest against it, made such a protest so much the more John Brown's duty towards God; for the moment anything criminal in itself is commanded by law, that moment two distinct obligations come upon every man. First, not to do the thing commanded; second, in God's name and by God's authority to denounce the law commanding it. If it be admitted that all men owe supreme allegiance to God, then John Brown, in going against slavery, could not possibly commit treason, but was merely acting out what common men theorize—namely, putting in practice a righteousness which timid men and hypocrites restrict to abstract speculation, gravely informing you that abstract right becomes practical wrong, if there is any law against it, and that, while such law exists, God's law is a mere abstraction, and man's law the practical right—the only present obligation. John Brown was hanged for entering his protest, in action, against such atheism. John Brown is the very man described in two impressive passages of God's word, assisted by his prophets, Jeremiah and Ezekiel, in view of the very oppression against which John Brown, by natural right and by God's commission, set himself—"Run ye to and fro through the land and see now and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if there be any that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth, and I will pardon it." Then the corresponding passage in Ezekiel "The people of the land have used oppression and exercised robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy; yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully; and I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me, for the land, that I should not destroy it; but I found none." John Brown is God's gapman. God found him, and men killed him. God prepared and commissioned him to protest against the nation's crime, and against the government that legalizes it; and, as of old, they caught God's messengers and slew them, and cast them out. So now they have slain this man of God, because of his message from God, and his faithfulness with it. Their language is, "Run ye to and fro, and see if ye can find a man, if there be any, that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth, and we will hang him. He must be hanged by us in self-defence, or there is an end of our government; for our government is treason against God; and if he is faithful to God, he is a traitor to our government, and cannot be suffered to live." This is the logic of all who contend that Virginia was right in putting John Brown to death for the violation of unrighteous law. All law in defence of slavery is unrighteous and forbidden of God, and the act of putting a man to death for the violation of such law is judicial and governmental murder. It is that shedding of innocent blood which distinguished the career of Ahab and Jezebel, under pretended authority of the statutes of Omri. It is that crime, the commission of which fills up the cup of a nation's iniquities, and, if the people accept and justify it, shows them to have passed the limits of God's forbearance. Besides, the word of God, whose commands to deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, to break every yoke, and proclaim liberty every man to his brother and every man to his neighbor, John Brown acted upon to the letter. There is another method by which the quality of his action may be weighed, which is this: suppose that all men acted in this matter just as John Brown acted; what would be the consequence? This is not a bad criterion of conduct, and the answer would completely justify his course; for if all men acted precisely to the letter, as John Brown has done, in regard to this wickedness, and it were known that they would, slavery could not exist; it would be peacefully abolished; the wicked laws maintaining it could not be executed, but would have to be repealed; the rights of the black man would be regarded as sacredly as those of the whites; there would be no more kidnapping or slave-hunting; benevolence and kindness would be the law; violence would no more be heard in our land, nor wasting nor destruction in our borders. The course which should be just and blessed, if all men pursued it, could not be changed into injustice and crime, because only one man followed it, and that man John Brown. I stand here to-night to vindicate the majesty and supremacy of God's law over man's; to say that man's law, if against God's, has no authority, but, on the contrary, you and I, and the whole country, are forbidden to obey it. Such obedience would be treason both against God and the Constitution, which not only does not profess to lay upon us any obligation contrary to natural and divine law and right, but recognizes such natural and divine right as the supreme law. Freedom, equity and the most perfect justice are declared to be the objects of our Constitution, and any law that contradicts and renders impossible its object and spirit is null and void, both in itself and because it is unconstitutional. John Brown was indicted for treason and murder, neither of which crimes was proved against him, and of neither of which was he guilty. He did not intend either, directly or indirectly, but simply intended to give liberty to as many of the enslaved as possible, and without insurrection or the shedding of blood. The insurrection was on the part of the slaveholders and the slaveholding government in defence of the unrighteous claim of property in man—against John Brown as the representative of God's government. John Brown was no more guilty of treason or of crime in endeavoring to release and deliver the slaves unrighteously held in bondage as property than the patriarch Abraham was guilty when he armed his trained servants and went against Chedorlaomer, and the king's confederate with him, who, in open war, had taken captive the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, and Lot along with them. "He divided himself against them, he and his servants, by night, and smote them," and delivered the captives. How many he killed in this raid we are not informed; but he is neither accused of treason, for invading the State and government of Chedorlaomer, nor of murder, for putting to the sword those who resisted his attempt to deliver the captives. On the contrary, their resistance against his attempts was held responsible for all the violence and for every death. Nevertheless, if the federal government of which Chedorlaomer was President had conquered Abraham and caught him, they would have hanged him as a traitor and a murderer. On the other hand, it is obvious that if John Brown had had Abraham's 318 trained men instead of 17, the tables would have been turned, and the hanging deferred indefinitely. But it is a much greater crime in Virginia to hang John Brown than it could have been in Chedorlaomer if he had hanged Abraham; for the government and slaveholders of Virginia, in maintaining that it is a Christian right to make merchandise of men and forbidding all opposition to such property as treason, are a corporation of pirates in comparison with the government of Chedorlaomer, poor heathen that he was. John Brown could not commit treason against Virginia in endeavoring to release the captives, for he owed that State no more allegiance than Melchisidec. He could not commit treason against the federal government in that endeavor, for there is no article or principle of the Constitution which makes it the duty of any of the citizens of the United States to respect slavery, or prescribes its defence as an element of loyalty, or requires any obedience to its cruelties. On the contrary, the principles and letter of the Constitution, rightly interpreted, forbid it, and one of the most eminent of American jurists, the Hon. John C. Spencer, has averred "that the adoption of the Declaration of Independence rendered slavery unconstitutional, and that the first act of our nation, being a solemn recognition of the liberty and equality of all men, and an affirmation that the rights of liberty and happiness are inalienable, was the corner-stone of our confederacy, and is above all constitutions and all laws." John Brown, therefore, was perfectly loyal to the Constitution and to the federal government in acting out the principles of liberty for which the Constitution was framed, and by which it must be interpreted. This being settled, we have shown that John Brown could not commit treason against God, for God's law forbids slavery; and in setting himself against slavery, John Brown was obeying God. We have also shown that if human laws established slavery, and command men to support it, then again God's laws command men to disobey and reject those wicked statutes. The laws supporting crime create and commit a second crime in such unrighteous legislation, and make it the duty of all good men to set themselves against such laws. There is a much more imperative obligation laid upon men to oppose it when it is commanded by law than when it is not so commanded; plainly, because such commands, if not resisted, will inevitably whelm multitudes in the perdition of such crimes. But there are also explicit passages in God's word which commanded John Brown to interfere in behalf of the oppressed and enslaved, and he declared that he intended doing this peaceably; that is, without insurrection, without injury of any human being, all the rights of men being respected. You all know the seal of Virginia against tyrants. John Brown acted under its instructions—obeyed them to the letter. John Brown has simply stamped the meaning of that seal with an individual action. You all know the May Flower compact, the foundation and security in God of your liberties; John Brown has simply fulfilled the terms and acted out the spirit of that covenant. You all know the preamble of your Constitution; John Brown has merely carried out that preamble, bringing back the Constitution to its first principles. You all know the great commandment whereon hang all the law and the prophets; John Brown has simply obeyed that commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," taking our blessed Lord's own interpretation for his guide, in the history of the good Samaritan. You all know the exclamation of one of Virginia's eloquent sons and patriots in her better days, "Give me liberty or give me death"; John Brown has expanded and transfigured that watchword beyond any other patriot's imagination of sublime disinterestedness, by acting it out in behalf of our enslaved, dehumanized and hated race, "Give them liberty or give me death." Which was the grandest, Patrick Henry's exclamation or John Brown's action? But now the creed of the patriots and wise men of Virginia reads, "Give us slavery or give us death; concede to us the privilege of holding and breeding slaves as property, and confess that it is not only no crime, but that you will hold it sacred from invasion, on pain of death as for high treason, or we will march straight out of the Union." The shibboleth of Ephraim, now at the ford of this Jordan, is, "Slavery or death." You know the man that, while your revolutionary fathers were fighting, starving, dying for their country, went through the American camp howling "Beef, beef, beef." You see now a resurrection of that kind of patriotism in the merchants and "men of property and standing," that, to drown, if possible, the thunders of God's providence and word, in John Brown's death and letters, are shouting for cotton and the Southern trade. It is the patriotism of those who made silver shrines for Diana. It is a trades' union with slavery that these plated patriots are advocating, and not a union for the sake of liberty; and, God helping us, we mean to maintain liberty and union one and inseparable; and we neither mean to march out of it ourselves nor suffer them to march out of it. John Brown's memory will in due time take a noble revenge for all the insults, outrages and falsehoods of his persecutors. John Brown's characteristics of Christian patriotism were the legitimate fruit of the study of the word of God with prayer, and we see in him what kind of a man the word of God and the grace of God do make, when God requires such a man for his purpose. He was laboring for others, not for himself, and thus he became a martyr. There have been martyrs of liberty, martyrs of science, martyrs for the truth—but a martyr of the word of God, for the deliverance of an outcast race from bondage, is a new marvel of heroic virtue. America has treated the very first instance of such heroism with the gallows. America! And it is little more than seventy-five years since Warren, Washington, Lafayette were canonized and rewarded for treason against Great Britain—violent, armed, intended treason—incomparably worse than John Brown's, less justifiable, not so directly commanded of God; and they who applaud Washington for taking up the sword now quote against John Brown our blessed Lord's proverb, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." We justify no resistance that God forbids or condemns, and never shall. But if we do not acknowledge the grace of God in this man, we should show a malignity like that of the persecuting Jews, who stopped their ears from listening to the truth, and ran upon Stephen, gnashing on him with their teeth. Had the churches and the ministry in this country only thirty years ago begun and continued an earnest, united, peaceful protest, with the word of God, against the wickedness of slavery, John Brown's protest in action would at this day have been superfluous; such an interference would not have been needed. A right and faithful proclamation of that word of God which made John Brown a Christian Abolitionist would have broken up this whole system of wickedness in less time than it pleased God to take for the moulding and discipline of his character and life, as the first great martyr before the Moloch of the sin. We thank God for the grace of God vouchsafed in him. He is the legitimate fruit of that piety with which the study of the word of God by prayer baptizes, informs, energizes the soul. He is the masterpiece of that school of the old masters among whom he had his education and brought up his family, Banyan, Baxter, John Fox, Doddridge, the Saint's Rest, the Book of Martyrs, and the Pilgrim's Progress. We thank God for the unaffected deep humility towards God, mingled with such firmness towards men, conspicuous in his nature. We thank God for all the precious evidences of his Christian experience and character. We thank God for the triumphant testimony he has been enabled to leave in gratitude for the infinite grace of God, to the honor of His word, to the efficacy of prayer, to the reality of faith, in the confidence of his own soul in God, in Jesus Christ, unshaken in the most trying hour and circumstances of existence. One such man, one such great heart, one such noble Christian, outweighs the baseness of a million hypocrites; and his single testimony against slavery shines like the sun, in spite of all the darkness and lying of all the pro-slavery churches in Christendom. In an age of shams, here is one reality; in an age of speculative theological and editorial skeletons hung round with broadcloth, here is one living soul; in an age of paste, here is one rude gem; in an age of doughfaces, here is one of God's flints; here, in a time of hollowness and cant, is a man of faith—a man to whom the idea of disinterested benevolence was a living expression—a man to whom the negro was a brother and a man—a man who to the death rejected religious communion with slaveholding ministers as defiling to his soul; but, on the way to the scaffold, stooped down and kissed a little negro child whom God had put in his path, that through that little one his last dying act might be the giving of a cup of cold water to that enslaved race for whom he died. Here is grandeur; here is God's own work and grace; here, in an age of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, is one great soul, like a living organ, through whose trumpet notes God has blown an anthem that shakes the land like an earthquake. Can Senator Mason put down John Brown's ghost by a bill of inquiry? Can Senator Trumbull put down John Brown's ghost by standing up to be catechized? Will it put down John Brown's ghost to declare that slavery is no crime? You might as surely imagine that you had imprisoned his immortal spirit in the grave by putting an additional screw in his coffin. Presently you will hear of some new miracle of disinterested love to them that are in bonds as bound with them; and a new battering ram of God's divine word and providence will be driven against this wickedness, and Herod again will start from his uneasy slumbers: "John I have beheaded, but who is this?" John, the beheaded, is but the forerunner of Christ the conqueror; and if need be in this conflict, he will raise up soldiers for his truth out of the stones in the streets. But whoever comes, on whomsoever the mantle falls, he cannot go beyond John Brown in his faithfulness, living or dying; no man can strike a more terrible blow at the heart of the Slave Power, nor bear a more emphatic lawful record in life, in death, as to the incompatibility of slavery and Christianity. Rather than seem to admit to the world that a man defending this wickedness could be a Christian minister, he would pass to the scaffold and the grave alone, rejecting the offer of the gospel from such a man. But God was with him, and John Brown felt that any man who by defending slavery, maintains the moral assassination of the living as consistent with the gospel is unworthy and unfit to convey its spiritual revelations even to the dying

croaking animal of every species, whether political, commercial, social or religious. Croaking enough is done by the frog to answer for the whole animal kingdom. When men take to the business, it is only to accomplish some dark and mischievous purpose. As for the Union-saving Croaker, he belongs to the worst possible species of the reptile, and ought to be promptly exterminated; the more so as just now he has got possession of the Capitol, and is retarding the business of the country, at a cost to the people which is incalculable.—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

THE TWENTY-SIXTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION.

THE Anti-Slavery families who have so long made Boston the seat of this annual social occasion gratefully renew their invitation to all the early friends of Freedom, and cordially extend it to the multitudes of new friends in every part of the land, whom the past year has made; earnestly entreating the satisfaction of their company at

THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

On Wednesday, January 25th. Soirée at 7 o'clock.

☞ The general arrangements for the day and evening the same as last year.

We, who now unite in this heartfelt invitation, are not of Northern origin exclusively; some are of the South, and some have been slaveholders. But all, seeing clearly that the present must be a year of unwonted moral exertion, if the country is to be carried successfully through the present hopeful crisis, unite in entreating their friends to meet them in this way at its opening, for mutual understanding and coöperation, counsel and encouragement, sympathy and congratulation. Never were the signs of the peaceful extinction of slavery so full and propitious to the eyes long trained to read them aright.

We shall shortly send special invitations to both earlier and later friends; and, in the meantime, we entreat all who love their native land, and are beginning to feel deeply moved to serve and save it, to consider the necessity of steady, long-sustained, unremitting exertion, such as we carry on, and to uphold it now by presence, if possible—at all events by letter and by sympathy. The names of such as have reasons for avoiding publicity will be sacredly kept, and our grateful expressions conveyed to them by private acknowledgment.

Let none who sympathize with us be absent because our special invitation may fail to reach them; for accident and omission, however carefully guarded against, are almost unavoidable in issuing invitations on so large a scale; and the occasion is one that will, we trust, bring to our acquaintance many now unknown to us, whose coöperation will be most valuable.

We entreat any whose love of the cause induces them to hesitate about making what they account a small subscription to remember that while the largest sum is small in comparison with the grandeur of the undertaking, the smallest may be the expression of high feeling, high thinking, and self-sacrifice.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH PARKER ATKINSON,	MARY E. STEARNS.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

WE cannot accuse ourselves of having lacked, in the Anti-Slavery warfare, either hope or faith. Amidst all our trials and afflictions, amidst our good "evil-spoken-of," our efforts counteracted and our hope deferred, in spite of the indifference of the people, the profligacy of the Government and the hypocrisy of the Church, the angel of God, ever standing by us (as he was discerned one night to stand by Paul), has kept us fully assured of the ultimate success, as we were already assured of the absolute rectitude, of our cause. We have constantly borne discouragements not less than Paul's without losing this assurance. Some of us, indeed, falling among a people more "barbarous" than those of the ancient Melita, and into the hands of their "chief man," neither courteous nor hospitable like Publius, have obtained the crown of martyrdom. But even this hath turned out to the furtherance of the Gospel. And so manifestly, in these latter days, have all sorts of persecutions and afflictions wrought together for our good, and so strikingly have even the wrath and fury of enemies been overruled to the praise of Him whose servants we are, that we, like that same Paul, feel impelled to "thank God and take courage."

Every year since the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society has seen *some* preparing of the way of the Lord, some straightening of paths and removal of obstructions; but what active progress, what wide-spreading success, has the past year witnessed! The seed which we have scattered by the wayside fell indeed upon stony ground, and among thorns, and those who looked on derided us as having wasted our labor, but how much of it proves to have germinated and taken deep root! The leaven of truth and justice, of reason and religion, which our agents, our tracts and our papers have diffused among the popular mass, and which long seemed to lie inert beside the worldlings and churchlings of which it is composed, now causes that mass to heave and swell, acting with irresistible influence through its whole extent and in each of its constituent departments. Never before was it so manifestly certain that the agitation cannot subside until the needful work shall be accomplished.

To touch upon one only—the last—of these Providential coincidences, these workings-together-for-good (and the pressure upon our columns is such that we can but touch even upon that), how opportune is it that, just as the enterprise of John Brown had at once attracted and compelled the attention of all the North, and of all the slaveholders, and of all civilized Europe, to the subject of slavery, and at the same time had made known to many of the slaves that friends and help existed for them in the North—how opportune that, just then, a new and startling voice addressed the one remaining class, whose interests are dependent on the overthrow of slavery, and whose power is sufficient to accomplish its overthrow.

The non-slaveholding whites of the South—whose welfare, if they knew it, is as directly counteracted and nullified by slavery as that of the slaves themselves—are ten to one of the slaveholders. With unspeakable fatuity, they have hitherto ignored, and wasted, the immense power belonging to this preponderance of numbers. Possessing the ability, any year, to vote slavery out of their respective States, they have labored, and shouted, and voted *for* it. Ignorant, and yet seeing the power which knowledge gives to their handful of oligarchical masters, they have submitted to remain ignorant, and to have their children, generation after generation, kept ignorant, that the interests of slavery might be protected. And, finally, possessing, with the consciousness of *high caste* (in a country where the color of the skin confers such a distinction), a certain feeling of independence, and self-sustaining individuality, they are accustomed to submit, unquestioning, to any infringement of liberties, any infraction of rights, any excess of brutal insolence which the slaveholders may impose upon them under the plea of protection to the Slave Power, as if this were their friend instead of their worst enemy.

A man of Southern birth, connections and prepossessions, a man belonging to the class just mentioned by the fact of his claiming no property in slaves, but a man who united Northern intelligence with Southern spirit, published, two-and-a-half years ago, a stirring appeal to his non-slaveholding fellow-Southrons, pointing out, in language full of fiery energy, yet replete with practical wisdom, why they *should* overthrow slavery, and how they *might* overthrow it. Such an appeal, of course, could not be published in a slave State. It necessarily came to the North to be printed, and advertised, and circulated. But so clear was its reasoning, so absolute its demonstration, so moving its appeal, that it startled the North as with the sound of a trumpet. By slow degrees, some of this contraband commodity penetrated into the domain of slavery, and Northern men held their breath and listened for the result. Strange to say, no result appeared. So strong had become the habit, even among white men, of submission to the Slave Power, so little were they accustomed to combine and to act, except in obedience to its behests, that no response to this clarion call was given, except by the private letters of individuals, scattered here and there over the South, who felt how great were the obligations of themselves and their class to the Helper who had thus appeared for them, but who felt unprepared for the risk of open avowal of their sentiments and wishes.

What strange contrasts we find, lying side by side in human nature and human history! No doubt many of these sons of Nicodemus, whose letters of gratitude and sympathy were secretly written and stealthily despatched to Mr. Helper, are accustomed to show, upon other subjects, a Southern manliness of expression, and, wielding the revolver or the bowie-knife, to take their life in their hand in some insignificant local quarrel!

Such remained the state of things for two years and a half, no open response appearing to Mr. Helper's call, to the time of John Brown's enterprise.

Then, as the desperate circumstances of slavery demanded a desperate remedy—as the thief, beset by an officer on one side and a dog on the other, *must* leave *some* point unprotected—so the slaveholders, apprehending most immediate injury from the Republicans, cried out against them in desperation as abettors of treason, and, to prove it, circulated through their whole region the most pungent and effective portions of Mr. Helper's book. What though the book itself be put under ban! What though *The Tribune*, endorsing it, be burned in every border post-office! The *New York Herald*, the *Richmond Enquirer*, the *Richmond Whig* have free course, and run, and are glorified through all the Southern country, and these bring to the knowledge of the non-slaveholding whites that talisman, that power of combination and that method of action by which, when they will, they may annihilate slavery!

With such a quickening of the fears of the slaveholders, of the perceptions of the slaves, of the intelligence of the non-slaveholding whites, of the energies of the Republicans (who must inevitably, more and more, be forced forward from their chosen policy of resisting the extension of slavery to the true wisdom of combat with slavery itself), and of the sympathetic expectations of the civilized world, now gazing upon us—what may we not expect, what may we not aspire to, of successful movements towards the deliverance of the slave, in the course of the coming year!

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends; once more!"

THE VIRGINIA TRAGEDY.

EASTON, N. Y.

A VERY large meeting, commemorative of the execution of the associates of John Brown, was held at Easton, Washington County, on Friday afternoon, and evening, Dec. 16. Dr. Hiram Corliss presided, and addresses were made by Rev. A. D. MAYO of Albany, AARON M. POWELL of Ghent, and LEONARD GIBBS, Esq., of Union Village. The Ref. Dutch church, a building of large capacity, was filled with a highly intelligent and interested audience, and a deep impression in favor of the cause of HUMAN LIBERTY was made by the meeting in the community.

GHENT, N. Y.

A SECOND large meeting of sympathy with JOHN BROWN AND HIS ASSOCIATES was held here on Friday evening, Dec. 16th.

Hon. JNO. T. HOGEBOOM, S. C. BARTON, Dr. J. F. PHILIP, N. C. HOGEBOOM, and Prof. H. F. DOUCET addressed the meeting. ELIZABETH M. POWELL read a brief address. Resolutions were adopted.

ON Sunday afternoon, the 18th, a meeting of much interest was held in the Friends' meeting-house, and addressed by MARIUS R. ROBINSON and A. M. POWELL. These meetings have been deeply impressive and interesting, and will long be remembered in connection with the important events they commemorated.

MULLICA HILL, N. J.

A crowded meeting was held in this place on the evening of the day of John Brown's martyrdom. Edwin H. Coates, the fearless champion of Temperance and Anti-Slavery, made a stirring and eloquent address; after which the Hon. Judge Sickler, a leading Democrat, made a feeble attempt to defend the institution of slavery, and denounced John Brown as a traitor and a villain. Mr. Coates replied, to the entire satisfaction of the friends of freedom and the utter discomfiture of the Judge.

A FRIEND OF THE SLAVE.

NO MORE SLAVE-HUNTING!

NEXT week the Legislature will assemble at Albany. Very soon thereafter the petitions for a PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW, now in circulation, should be sent in. Will not persons having the petitions in charge, who have not yet given the matter full attention, see to it that they are kept in active circulation in their respective communities during the brief period remaining for the work? With the present awakened state of public feeling, this is a golden hour for anti-slavery effort. May it not be suffered to pass unimproved for the want of proper exertion on the part of friends of the cause. Let the petitions be thoroughly circulated, and, as a result, thousands of names be early forwarded either direct to members of the Legislature, or to GEORGE E. BAKER, Albany, N. Y.

Ghent, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1859. A. M. P.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, which had been delayed until the public had almost ceased to feel any interest in its contents, was communicated to Congress on Tuesday. We shall not inflict upon our readers a paper so utterly "stale, flat and unprofitable"; nor do we deem it worth while to present them with any formal synopsis of its contents. Suffice it to say that the President, pattern Democrat that he is, asserts it to be the constitutional duty of the Government to afford the utmost protection to slavery in the States and Territories, while in the same breath he affects to regard the (foreign) slave trade, which is its natural fruit, with a pious abhorrence. To steal children born in the United States and reduce them to slavery is all right in his estimation—a practice to be protected and perpetuated by all the power of the government; but to send to Africa for slaves would be shocking to his moral sensibilities! He must be stolid indeed who does not see that this is the very acme of self stultification—that the man who vindicates slavery, or regards it with any other feelings than those of utter abhorrence, has no *capacity* of moral indignation against the slave trade, and that professions of such a sentiment on his part *must* be sheer hypocrisy. The President, of course, makes strong professions of devotion to the Union, but he is very careful *not* to rebuke the leaders of his own party, whose mouths are filled with threats to dissolve it in the event of the election of a President opposed to the extension of slavery. He recommends once more the payment of the Amistad claim, commends the Dred Scott decision as a "final" settlement of the slavery question, and asks for appropriations to purchase Cuba and to send an army to Mexico, to steal more territory whereon to extend slavery! "Hail Columbia!"

DR. CHEEVER'S SPEECH, lately delivered at the Cooper Institute, will be found on the first page. It is instinct with the spirit which breathes through the utterances of the champions and martyrs of Liberty in every age—an excellent antidote to the speech of Mr. O'Conor in the preceding columns. Dr. Cheever's moral positions are impregnable as the Eternal Rock. We differ from him, however, in regard to the character of the U. S. Constitution; but that difference is of no practical importance, since it matters not whether we get a *new* Constitution by a new and revolutionary interpretation of the old one, or by sweeping that away and creating another.

MRS. CHILD'S LETTER to MR. MASON of Virginia (wife of the Senator, we suppose), in reply to a very irate and discourteous epistle from the latter, we shall print in our next. This is the correspondence referred to by "B." in another column as worthy of publication in a tract, in which opinion we quite agree with him.

THE "YOUNG SAW BONES" STAMPEDE.

OUR Philadelphia Correspondent alludes, rather briefly, to the recent sudden departure from that city of nearly two hundred Southern medical students, who were unable longer to breathe a moral atmosphere in which they were not permitted to enjoy the "home-bred" luxury of disturbing and breaking up anti-slavery meetings at their pleasure. The arrest of some of these young Southern sprigs of Esculapius, who lately made an unsuccessful effort to prevent, by rowdyism and violence, Mr. George W. Curtis from presenting to those who wished to hear him his views upon "The Present Aspects of the Slavery Question," seems to have been the immediate occasion of this stampede. Neither the tender persuasions of the medical professors, the earnest entreaties of sundry keepers of third-rate boarding-houses and disconsolate laundresses, nor emolliating recollections of the great "Union demonstration," were potent enough to calm the ruffled dignity and patriotism of the Southern Hotspurs, and so they went off in a huff, leaving Philadelphia to fill as she could the "aching void" created by their departure! It is satisfactory to know that while the people of the South have been immensely delighted by this evidence of loyalty to the "peculiar institution" on the part of these excitable youngsters, the people of Philadelphia are by no means inconsolable. Indeed, if we were to judge by the tone of the press in that city, we should suspect that the more intelligent portion of the citizens were rather inclined to be jolly over their loss and to say, "a good riddance." The *Sunday Dispatch* has this comment upon the affair:

THE EXODUS.

The city police have been relieved of a constant source of solicitude. All the disorderly Southern students, who have given so much trouble to the municipal authorities already during the season, have patriotically resolved to leave the city for the city's good, and will now inflict upon the suffering South their riot, drunkenness and folly. The decent, orderly majority of medical students, who have too much sense "to cut off their noses to spite their faces," remain, and will go through the term with credit to themselves, receiving those advantages which tuition in the medical metropolis of the Union can only secure. The seceders have in the last act of their folly inflicted an injury upon many poor boarding house keepers and tailors, to whom they owe large bills; and it is possible they will make it a test of their patriotism that they shall never pay a debt owing to any Northerner. The parties that have incited this exodus are "professors" in badly-organized, "one-horse" colleges in Virginia, South Carolina and Tennessee, and other States, which "institutions" never could command the confidence of the people of the neighborhoods where they are located. The cause of this stampede is because the people of this city permit the exercise of the right of speech according to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, and will not consent that persons who hold opinions different from those of the great majority shall be prevented from saying whatever they think, by threats of personal violence or the use of vitriol. The rash course taken by these misguided young students will have its effect upon their whole lives. Either they will come sneaking back to Philadelphia* before the next annual Commencement, or they will remain to study their profession, under every difficulty and disadvantage, in seminaries that are without apparatus, clinical advantages or scientific teachers. The result will be that, long after the memory of the temporary and unnecessary excitement which exists at present among a few people shall have passed away, the medical patriots will struggle with the disadvantages of an imperfect medical education, feeling the sober truth, that in consequence of their rashness, want of proper judgment, and that tolerance of opinion which every true American should show to his fellow-citizens, they have made themselves quacks instead of scientific physicians.

The following *jeu d'esprit* is from the New York *Evening Post*:

CHARGE OF THE MEDICAL LIGHTHEADED BRIGADE.

(THREE YEARS AFTER TENNYSON.)

RIGHT from the jaws of Death
Rushed the mad section-ists—
Wretched dissectionists,
All out of breath.
Letting the fee go, down to the depot
Rushed they—three hundred!
Medical sawbones all—
Heedless of jawbones all—
Thinking of rawbones all!
"Curse the North" was their cry—
Theirs not to reason why,
But like young colts to shie,
Lest the grim ghost of Brown
Tumble the Union down!
Oh, funny three hundred!

Duns to the right of them
Urging the flight of them!
Landlords to left of them,
Laundresses reft of them,
Debit-ties sundered!
Warrants pursuing them,
Sheriffs undoing them—
Thus rushed the secessionists,
Rabid procession-ists—
Funny three hundred.
Grinned the Professor's phiz;
Pupil's sole loss it is;
Paid was the entrance fee,
No more their gold they'd see,
Would the three hundred.
Disunion in college,
Confusion of knowledge,
Mission of porridge
Was well for a forage,
Had fathers not wondered!

Flashed the parental damns:
Senatorial telegrams
(Hinting at youthful shams)
From Washington thundered!
Yet since Osawatomie
Northern phlebotomy
Lores like "jack-o'-lights,"
Over the border bogs!
So the pill Jacobites
Physicked the Quaker dogs—
Doses—three hundred!

Why have we wondered
That thus they blundered?
Three hundred burning
For Southern learning,
Thinking that *black* letter
Was better, far better,
Than free press and speech
Which Northern Professors teach.
So the train thundered!
North keeps the rich fund—
They go to Richmond,
M. D.-less three hundred! HANS.

The efforts of some of the Southern students in the New York University to organize a stampede in imitation of Philadelphia were a signal failure. Only 14 students, when the pinch came, were ready to go, and we have not heard that even one of them actually left.

*Some of them, it is said, have already returned.—*Editor.*

THE LETTER OF VICTOR HUGO.

THIS is a noble appeal from the poet, the patriot, the legislator, the exile; the man who has once before made the ears of LATROBES and WISES ring with his rebuke of slavery; the man who, claiming, like our Americans, his sacred right to draw the sword for freedom, placarded Paris with a call to arms, in his own hand-writing, against the tyrant who had seized every press and every power of the government of free France.

Let VICTOR HUGO'S conclusion, in view of the present hour, pass into a proverb among the nations, to be repeated wherever America is named, as long as slavery lasts:

"Ponder it well!—there is something more terrible than Cain killing Abel—*it is Washington slaying Spartacus.*"

For this letter in full, see the fourth page; and repay the benefit of such an utterance by prayers for beautiful, down-trodden France!—that her tyranny may cease and her true government, now in exile, return.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BOOK-MAKERS AND OTHERS.

THE Letters of L. MARIA CHILD to the Virginia Matron and to Governor Wise should be published as a Tract for wide circulation. Victor Hugo's beautiful letter might be included in the same pamphlet, or issued separately. Indeed, a small volume might be profitably made up of these Letters and the speeches of Wendell Phillips, Dr. Cheever and others on John Brown. A brief history of the transaction is also greatly needed, beginning with the outbreak at Harper's Ferry and including some notices of the lives and characters of Cooke, Coppic and others, concluding with an account of their execution and burial. Competent agents or colporteurs, with such a book, the Life of John Brown, Helper's Impending Crisis, &c., could make handsome livings and do a world of good besides. B.

Albany, Dec. 26, 1859.

THE SPEECH OF CHARLES O'CONOR, at the recent "Union demonstration" in this city, will be found in our columns to-day. It puts the defence of the Union, the Constitution and the Democratic party upon its only logical and honest basis, THE RIGHTFULNESS OF SLAVERY. "To this complexion it has come at last"; and let us be thankful that such is the fact. We trust the day of compromise is over—that we are not much longer to be cursed by the buckstering statesmanship which is constantly trying to outwit the Ruler of the world by "splitting the difference" between right and wrong—that, in short, Liberty and Slavery are coming to the death-grapple in a clear field, without disguise and with no chance for "quarter" on either side.

A LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER, giving his views of the Harper's Ferry Invasion, its motives and results, will appear in our columns next week. We regret our inability to make room for it in this issue.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26th, 1859.

I AM sorry you were obliged to leave to me the task of chronicling the events of our Fair Week. You, having been on the spot during the time, were just the man to tell the story. Besides, such narrations lose their interest by postponement. In stirring times like these, when one event follows another in such quick succession, the newspaper correspondent must be equally prompt, or his notice will be as flavorless as a dry statistic. It is the last fact, always, in such cases, that the mind dwells on with interest.

But, as it is right that all these things should be put on record in your columns, I will endeavor to state, in order, though not at length—that would be impossible in the space of a letter—the happenings of the lively week referred to. And that I may do so the more intelligibly, allow me to go back a little and take a glance at the transplrings of the two or three months previous.

It will be remembered that our anti-slavery campaign opened this fall somewhat earlier than usual, and with more than common spirit. Our State meeting was largely attended, and its proceedings were characterized by earnestness and energy. It was determined on that occasion to spare no effort to make Pennsylvania a free State, and an asylum, in verity, for the oppressed of all nations.

We had hardly made up the record of the meeting when news came of the outbreak at Harper's Ferry. To the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania it was like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. John Brown was unknown to many of them even by name, and those who knew him best had gleaned their knowledge of him from the accounts published of his exploits in Kansas. They were astonished by the tidings of what had occurred, but not dismayed or paralyzed. Having no caucus plans or party programme to be disturbed, the alarm of those who had left them masters of the situation. They lost no time in making use of it.

The veteran Joshua R. Giddings happened to be in town at the time, having been invited hither to deliver a lecture before a literary association. His reputation and the excitement of the town gave him a large audience. His subject was "Scenes in Congressional Life," and he improved the opportunity as a good Abolitionist should. When he had finished his lecture, he announced that, on a given evening, he would deliver another discourse, in which he would tell what he knew and thought of John Brown. A large audience came to hear, and went away much impressed in favor of John Brown and his doctrines.

After Mr. Giddings came Wendell Phillips. His theme was the "Lost Arts"; but he had just been delivering a lecture in Brooklyn on John Brown, and the odor of that occasion was still upon him. Southern-trade merchants and pro-slavery politicians, represented by papers of the *Evening Journal* and *Pennsylvanian* type, said he was a traitor and ought not to be allowed to speak. The public thought differently, and he had a crowded audience. Its moral effect—thanks to his enemies—inured to the benefit of abolitionism.

In about a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Phillips came again; his errand being, as before, to deliver a lecture for the benefit of a literary association. His subject this time was "Toussaint L'Ouverture"; his lecture, in effect, a eulogy on John Brown. A rally had been made by the friends of the Constitution, *par excellence*, to put him down; but an extra strong police force was on hand, and the immense audience which came to hear him were fully gratified.

This was the last ounce on the patient beast of burden's back. Endurance ceased to be a virtue, and forbearance had reached its limit. Something must be done to save our imperilled trade, and to be used as a card at Charleston. So a grand Union meeting was resolved upon, and a grand Union meeting was held. Joseph R. Ingersoll presided, and other respectabilities and political notorieties took part in the demonstration. Among the latter were Josiah Randall and Charles J. Ingersoll. The former denounced Mayor Henry for his avowed determination to protect the Abolitionists in the exercise of their right to freedom of speech, and the latter declared that those who did not concur in the sentiments of the Abolitionists had a legal right, which they ought to exercise, to go to their meetings and hiss them down! A series of resolutions was adopted, one of which was as follows:

Resolved, That they reprobate, in the strongest and clearest terms, all attempts, whether by invasion, secret instigation or the promulgation, in any form, of fanatical opinions, to excite servile insurrection, or to arouse those who are lawfully held in servitude to violence and bloodshed.

This resolution, innocent enough on its face, was intended, as it has since appeared, to be forced, by private interpretation, to apply to all anti-slavery teachings. Accordingly, Anti-Slavery Fair Week, for we have now come to that point in our narrative—opens with an editorial call, in *The Pennsylvanian*, upon the Mayor of the city and others to enforce the doctrines of the Union meeting, especially those laid down in the resolution referred to. The writer points out the Anti-Slavery Fair, "the profits of which, as per advertisement, will be applied to the dissemination of anti-slavery doctrines," and, in view of the late Union demonstration, wonders at the "effrontery of abolitionism"! He repeats the resolution against "the promulgation, in any form, of fanatical opinions," and adds: "Notwithstanding this and the whole scope and purpose of the other resolutions, all unanimously adopted, at least two, if not three, meetings are to be held in this city during this week, the aim and object of which are openly declared to be speaking upon and aid to the cause of anti-slavery agitation. It is to be greatly feared that these open attempts to defy public opinion, so recently expressed, will cause a feeling of opposition, *which may be manifested by violence.*" One of the meetings here referred to was to hear a lecture from George W. Curtis, Esq., of New York, on "The Present Aspects of the Slavery Question." Of the "incendiary and seditious character" of this discourse there could be no doubt, and the writer in *The Pennsylvanian*, therefore, calls on the Mayor to prevent its delivery, and, in case of his refusal to do so, requests that those who had the getting of it up would "withdraw their advertisement." The writer goes on to say:

"The holding of an Anti-Slavery Fair, the profits of which are to be devoted to the dissemination of anti slavery doctrines, has, we are sorry to say, an appearance of a determined defiance of public sentiment that is truly deplorable. It was the dissemination of anti-slavery doctrines which has evoked the spirit of lawlessness and insurrection in the North. * * * The further and continued dissemination of these doctrines cannot but end in disaster to us as a people, whether socially or commercially considered. If the Union of these States is worthy of being longer maintained—if the peaceful pursuit of commerce is to be longer enjoyed—then, indeed, it is time that *these objects should be secured by the prompt exclusion from the public eye, the public ear, and the public heart, of all advocacy of fanatical opinions upon a subject which has within itself the very life of the Union.*"

This article in *The Pennsylvanian* appeared on Tuesday morning. It was evident that a storm was brewing, though to the weather-wise the signs indicated that it would probably blow off in a squall.

The Fair had opened at Concert Hall the evening before. Our usual December Convention met that day (Tuesday), as per advertisement, at the Assembly Building. There was a fine display of articles at the Fair, and the purchases were spirited. At the Convention the attendance was full, and the speaking lively. In addition to our usual Pennsylvania speakers, Thomas Whitson, Robert Purvis, Lucretia Mott, Henry Grew, J. M. McKim, and perhaps others, we had the valuable aid and pleasant company of Marius Robinson, of Ohio, and Oliver Johnson and Theodore Tilton, of New York. The speakers discoursed of stirring themes, and their utterances were without fear or favor.

Things went on smoothly, to all outward appearance, during Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday morning, the following advertisement appeared in *The Pennsylvanian* (in displayed type) and in *The Ledger*:

RALLY! UNION MEN!—RALLY IN YOUR STRENGTH!—A MASS Meeting of citizens will be held this evening, at 7 o'clock, in front of National Hall, Market street, to adopt such measures as the exigency may require to prevent the dissemination of principles which are calculated and intended to arouse a spirit of the most intense animosity in our community, and which, if not speedily checked, will result in consequences fearful to contemplate.

All who are determined that no more hireling incendiaries shall be permitted to make their inflammatory addresses in our loyal city are invited to attend. Eminent speakers will address the meeting.

MANY CITIZENS.

About one o'clock of that day, Thursday, the Sheriff's deputy, accompanied by other officers, presented himself to the ladies of the Fair with a writ of ejectment. You have stated the facts in last week's paper, and I need not repeat them. It was the most contemptible act of mobocracy—and our experience has made us familiar with all varieties of that article—that we have yet had to encounter. These valiant Union-savers, unable longer to inflame the populace against us, seek by a pitiful trick, prepared in the dark, to accomplish what they dare not, shameless as they are, attempt openly and on their own responsibility. It is due to Sheriff Kerns and his officers to say that they performed the task which the law imposed on them with delicacy and unfeigned regret. They were mortified to find themselves compelled, by the forms of law, to play the part of catspaw to the mob.

This act of stealthy violence interrupted, but did not put a stop to, the Fair. Without delay, another room was procured—the one occupied by the Convention—and the next day the Fair was reopened and cards published inviting the people to resume their purchases. The Convention adjourned to the room above, where it continued and finished its sessions. The order of the Mayor to take down the flag—the circumstances of which you have stated—preceded the writ of ejectment. In this also the Union-savers sought by indirection to accomplish what they dared not attempt by overt act.

How much, in either of these tricks, the manipulators took by their motion is not yet apparent. If they thought to put down the "irrepressible women," as one of their friends called them, they certainly reckoned without their host; or, if they expected thus to make an end of Anti-Slavery Fairs, they showed themselves equally verdant. They may have succeeded in putting the Sheriff in a false position, and placing the Mayor in a self-stultifying dilemma; they certainly have succeeded in destroying the good name and damaging the pecuniary interests of Concert Hall as a public lecture-room; but next year, I think, will show that the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Fair, in popularity and brilliancy, will compare to advantage with any that has ever preceded it.

The "Liberty Bell" flag, which was suspended over Chesnut street, was taken down by order of the Mayor; there being, it was alleged, an ordinance against the suspension of any such things across the public highway. The exhibitor of "Page's Venus" has at this time a large flag, advertising his picture, suspended over Chesnut street, within a square of the Assembly Building. It is for the Mayor to explain why he enforces the law against the one and not against the other. That the advertisement of a nude Venus is less offensive to the public taste of Philadelphia than the picture of the Old Liberty Bell which now hangs in our Hall of Independence might be readily inferred; but whether or not the Mayor would thus justify his apparent inconsistency we are not prepared to say.

After the ejectment of the ladies from Concert Hall, it became evident that an attempt would be made to break up Mr. Curtis's lecture. Rich men went home to their country seats that evening saying that a riot would take place that night, such as had not been seen since the days of Pennsylvania Hall. They had heard only of the preparations of the Union-savers; they did not know that the Mayor was making arrangements on a scale equally extensive. But such was the fact. The meeting convened in National Hall, according to announcement, and Mr. Curtis was greeted by a large audience, and with immense enthusiasm. His speech, which was characteristic, and every way admirable, was received at first with unmixed applause. But soon the mob began to reveal itself, outside the hall and inside. *Pari passu* with its development was that of the Mayor's reserved force, which had been stationed in the basement and neighborhood of the building. The mobocracy began by hissing, which being continued to the disturbance of the meeting, the most prominent of the sibilators, among whom was Josiah Randall's son, were arrested and carried to the lock-up. After awhile, encouraged by the spirits without, the Union-savers became more violent. Some of them, in their enthusiasm, hurrahed for the "Union" and "Governor Wise"; whereupon the police seized and dragged out one or two of the most conspicuous, and the rest were content to let the lecturer go on without further interruption.

Outside there was a large crowd collected, which was addressed by extemporaneous orators with inflammatory appeals and violent exhortations to break up the meeting then going on in the hall. Among these were a Know-Nothing ward politician, of the name of Painter, from Kensington; an office-seeker and late office-holder of the name of Miles, sometimes called General Miles, a man of small person, with a brain to match, but with a big desire to serve the people; and a gentleman, hitherto so considered, of the name of Peters, a grandson of Judge Peters of revolutionary memory, who took such an active part in the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, in the days of Benjamin Franklin. These men did their worst to incite the crowd to acts of violence; and some of their auditors showed a good deal of sensibility to their appeals; but the presence of a large police force, and the capture of some 18 or 20 of the most obstreperous, kept them in check and defeated their purpose. They succeeded in hurling a few projectiles through the windows, which, considering they were paving-stones and a bottle of vitriol, did comparatively little injury. Clothes to the value of hundreds of dollars, to be sure, were destroyed by the vitriol, and the faces and eyes of several of our most respectable friends were a good deal injured by it; but when we consider the havoc that might have been made with such deadly material, we can only be grateful for the comparative escape of those at whom it was aimed. The Union-saver who threw that bottle must have been one of the most malignant type.

But the mob was put down, order preserved, and the freedom of speech, as you justly say, "splendidly vindicated." All honor to Mayor Henry, Sheriff Kerns, and the other officers of the city and county who coöperated with them.

R. E. Randall, Esq., who was arrested in the hall for disorderly conduct, was carried by the policemen to the nearest magistrate, who unfortunately happened to be Alderman Swift, quondam Mayor John Swift of Pennsylvania Hall memory. Of course he was discharged, Alderman Swift taking the same view of the law as did Judge Randall and Charles J. Ingersoll; viz., that a man who pays the admittance fee to a lecture has a right to hiss there as much as he chooses.

Since the suppression of the mob and the removal of all apprehensions of further disturbance, a correspondence has been published between J. R. Ingersoll, Esq., and E. K. Price and four other citizens, and the Mayor, the object of which was to afford the latter an opportunity of explaining and justifying his course to some who, it was alleged, had misapprehended him. No such explanation was necessary; the restored peace of the city, the re-established freedom of speech and liberty of conscience, was the Mayor's best justification. But the Mayor was unwise enough to answer the letter; and in his answer, which was really a very good one, he was still more unwise not to stop when he was done. Having given his reasons for his official course, Mr. Henry proceeds, with a "now, gentlemen, to avoid all misapprehension," to state his private opinions; and with these he fills up the remaining half of his letter. One of his paragraphs reads as follows:

"There are also a very few who agitate for the immediate abolition of that institution—but these are comprised in a small band of strong-minded females who overstep the only sphere in which woman's influence is potent—together with a very inconsiderable number of the other sex, who assemble in their weakness to execrate patriots and to deify felons—who earnestly covet that social martyrdom which might beget a sympathy for them that their unholy teachings can never obtain."

We are sorry that anything like this should have appeared over the Mayor's signature. It is unworthy of him. Mr. Henry is usually a gentleman. It is not his way, as a general thing, to call names or to let himself down to hackneyed flash epithets. He did this in a weak moment. He thought, perhaps, it would conciliate an enemy or reassure some of his wavering friends. Besides, the Abolitionists are persons who are "everywhere spoken against"—why should he be an exception to the general rule? So, turning a deaf ear to the counsels of his better nature and the teachings of his early breeding, he descended to the coarse phrases of the stump, and for the time put himself on a level with his grovelling opponents. We are sorry he did so; we are sorry that he should have so bespattered his well-earned laurels.

But my letter is extending itself beyond reasonable limits. I will close by saying that the Treasurer of the Ladies' Committee, who has just left me, estimates the receipts of the Fair at considerably over two thousand dollars. This is a handsome advance on preceding years. So much for the effort to put the Fair down.

—I had intended to give some account of the exodus of our Southern Medical Students, but can only state the fact; which is that about two hundred of these gentry left this city, last week, in a body, for Richmond, where, as the papers inform us, they were received with civic and military honors, and made the subject of a patriotic harangue by Gov. Wise.

Although this event is one of some significance, it is remarkable how little the City of Philadelphia takes it to heart. "A good riddance of bad rubbish" is a phrase which is frequently used to characterize the movement, and one which seems to express the general feeling on the subject.

The chief instigator of the stampede, it is said, was a certain Dr. Luckett, the man of that name who, it will be remembered, gave such decided testimony against the prisoner in the "Daniel Webster" case. The Doctor has been acting as "drummer" to the Faculty of Jefferson College, and "crammer" to its students. That is, it has been his function to procure matriculants for that institution, and to drill them, when procured, for their final examination. It is said that the Doctor's officiousness in the slave case refered to had damaged his position socially, and made a move southward on his part expedient. By operating on their sense of "loyalty to their own institutions," he succeeded in persuading quite a number of the students to accompany him. The Doctor's departure excites no more regret here than does that of his followers. M.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent protesteth against Innovations—He indulgeth in reminiscences of Captain Rynders and Chief Matsell—He sympathizeth with the Union—He commendeth upright judges—And appointeth the next Anniversary Meeting—His opinions as to Stage-plays—He recalleth some theatrical debuts—He commenteth on the Stampede of the Sawbones—He commiserateth their country—But draweth comfort from College Statistics—He bewaileth his injunity—But pitcheth into the General Court—And their appropriation for the Webster Inauguration—He hopeth better things of the Hunkers—He lamenteth the success of the Fraternity Lectures—And why?—He rebuketh the Supplementary one—Also their Sunday Services—And exalteth his own minister—&c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Dec. 26, 1859.

I SAY, what has come over New York and Philadelphia? The police take part with the Abolitionists against the Mob! A most preposterous and alarming state of things. Why, the

now Legislature assembles next week, and I am happy to be assured that very few of these shabby fellows have been reëlected to it.

This year again, to the grief of all truly conservative hearts, the Fraternity Lectures, organized by Mr. Theodore Parker's Society, have been the most successful of the season. It is truly painful that an Association that has no more sense of propriety than to ask Women, Negroes and Garrisonian Abolitionists to speak before it should be the only one in this Literary Emporium that meets with brilliant pecuniary success. They not only had Garrisonian Abolitionists to speak before them, but the very old Garrison himself that made them such. He had a large audience, and uttered much distressing heresy and treason in their ears, and, I grieve to say, without any adequate rebuke. The success of this scheme of lectures has been so great that its promoters gave a supplementary one on the evening of Forefathers' Day, which was delivered by the Rev. Wm. R. Alger, a gentleman who gave serious and just offence, a year or two ago, by his girds at the Complimentary Flunkeyism of Mr. Winthrop. Of course, I could not be expected to attend on the Discourse of a person of such antecedents, and I found the next morning, from the comments of the Boston *Post* (from which I derive my opinions, generally), that it was as bad as could possibly be expected. The Sunday services of Mr. Parker's Society, in the Music Hall, are kept up still, and you will be surprised to hear that they are attended by crowded audiences when I tell you that they are performed by such persons as Mr. Wendell Phillips, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Garrison and the like. When the preached word could be had from Dr. Nehemiah Adams and Dr. Orville Dewey, what are we to think of a community that can flock to such ministrations? I need hardly say that I never go near them. Indeed, I generally go ten miles away from them to attend on the ministry of a much valued friend, who, I think, was once connected with you as Corresponding Editor. I flatter myself that few persons are better suited with a minister than I am. At least, I should find it hard to meet with one for the soundness of whose opinions I should be so willing to vouch.

D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26, 1859.

IT is perhaps quite as well for the House to remain still longer in its chaotic, unorganized condition. The country has such an excellent opportunity of reading the speeches of the Southern Democracy, of judging the sentiments of the fire-eaters, that the thing may as well go on a little further.

It is not merely a good stroke of policy for the Republican members to keep silence—it is beneficial to the cause of freedom. The Northern people, if they be not asses, can see for themselves *who* the genuine disunionists are, and what the price is which they set upon the Union. Speech after speech is poured out by the Hotspurs of the South, reeking with passion and froth, all in defence of slavery, and most of them in abuse of the Union. But one thing, according to these gentlemen, will coax them to stay inside the Union, and that is *the submission of the Northern people*. It is not enough to catch runaway slaves, to elect doughfaces to Congress, or to "let slavery alone"; the people of the free States must give up their dislike to the system of human slavery on this continent. O'Conor was correct in his fiendish speech at the Union meeting. His position was good, and no man had any business at that meeting who could not swallow O'Conor's prescription.

The ablest Southern members in Congress declare, with Curry of Alabama, that what they complain of most is the sentiment of the Northern people against slavery. And they are frank enough to add that this sentiment *must* be eradicated or they will leave the Union. Now, is not this "the irrepressible conflict" so much derided in Congress at the present time?

The silence of the Republican members of the House is misunderstood in various parts of the country. The reasons for their course are strong and impregnable. Unquestionably all this talking is entirely out of order, unconstitutional, illegal and revolutionary. At the outset the Republicans made this point of order upon their opponents, that they had no right to carry on debates until a presiding officer was elected. Two motions only, they claimed, were in order, the one to elect a Speaker, and the other to adjourn, and these were not debatable. Having taken this ground, they must stand on it to the end. Besides, their silence aids them more than speech-making, and has maddened the slaveholders like an insult, for it has been interpreted, by so fair a man as Mr. Mill son of Virginia, as "a *contemptuous* silence." This is just what it has been—*contemptuous*. It should have been persevered in, but Mr. Farnsworth of Chicago, on Friday last, felt called upon to speak, and he was upon his feet for two or three hours. He threw a bomb-shell into the enemy's camp by opening up the question of the African slave trade. The slaveholders tried to get their revenge upon him for his questions put to certain fire-eaters on the slave trade, by asking him if he would obey the Fugitive Slave law. But Mr. Farnsworth was ready for them. He replied that he *would not*—he left that "dirty work" for the Democrats to perform, and so anxious were some of them to do it in Illinois that they arrested any stray negroes they might see and *advertised for a master*.

At one point Mr. F. was interrupted by Lamar of Mississippi, who, by the way, is a fine orator, and who drew a horrible picture of one of Mr. Seward's speeches in the Senate when he expressed the hope that he might live to see the day when there was not a slave's foot-print on this continent. Lamar seems to have been much worked up by this sentiment, for in his foolish imagination he saw "his (Seward's) eyes light up with the fires of hell when he uttered it"! This was said in the most passionate, tragical manner, and the Democracy and galleries loudly applauded. But Mr. Farnsworth was not in the least intimidated, and he stretched his tall form up to its utmost height, and raised his manly voice to its loudest tone, when he replied, "God grant that *I too* may live to see the day when the last shackle shall fall from the limbs of the last slave on this continent." Whether Lamar and his fellow-conspirators saw "the fires of hell" in Farnsworth's eyes I do not know, but they preserved a respectful silence.

On Saturday the violence of the slaveholders reached its height. Ex-Gov. Smith, in a round-about way, called Mr. Sherman "a thief, robber and murderer." This was too much, and a half-dozen Republican members were instantly upon their feet, calling the blackguard to order, but loud above the din arose the clear voice of Sherman, demanding, in manner and tone which nobody could misunderstand, whether the Virginia member applied those terms to himself. Mr. Smith at once disclaimed any such intention, and in the rest of his remarks he treated Mr. Sherman with marked courtesy. You can judge of the tone of the balance of his speech when I tell you that one Republican member, who comes from a State which has declared itself above the business of slave-catching, sat waiting half an hour after this occurrence for the slightest fresh provocation, in which case he would have instantly risen in his place and pronounced Mr. Smith to be, what he is, a coward and a brute, and worthy only of the contempt of all gentlemen.

Judging from the temper of many of the Republican members, who find it very hard to keep silence now, though they know it to be their best policy, after the House is organized we shall have some spirited replies, and doubtless very excited debates.

The Senate has done nothing during the week but organize committees, giving to the South the chairmanship of *every* important committee. Even Mr. Douglas is not to be taken back to his old place at the head of the Territorial Committee, notwithstanding the fact that his friends state for him that he will support the candidate of the Charleston Convention, no matter who he may be or upon what platform he may stand.

The tide seems to set quite strongly against Mr. Seward for a Presidential candidate in 1860—among the politicians at Washington. The feeling seems to be in favor of taking up somebody who is nowhere on the slavery question—a "political eunuch," to quote Tom Benton.

Now, if Mr. Seward is to be set aside simply because the slaveholders have been abusing him, why should not John Sherman be dropped and a Union-saver taken up? Yet the Republicans utterly refuse to do this, and for the only reason that it would look like succumbing to the threats of the slaveholders.

Let the same policy be pursued in reference to a Presidential candidate if the Republicans desire the good opinion of *men*. No matter who he is, he should represent their great idea.

AVON.

THE Fredericksburg *News* says that Gov. Wise tells the following joke on himself. Some fellow sent him a paper on which appeared the following: "Osawatomie Brown and What-an-ass-am-I Wise (to be pronounced quick)."

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....No. XX.

DECEMBER 5, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE 2d of December is one of the few days of the year on which a multitude of English people have the same thought on waking in the morning, and throughout the day. On that dreary morning, our sympathy is with that part of the French nation (a very large proportion) who live in anguish of spirit under the present *régime*, and who are perfectly well-disposed towards England. All the day long we feel what that terrible anniversary is to them, and how they are mourning at once personal griefs and the shame and degradation of their country and people. This year, *your* country has put in its claim upon our sympathies. We were thinking of Brown and the negroes on Friday even more vividly than of the sufferers in France. We could not but hope that he was *not* dying that day. I will not trouble you with our speculations, and anxious balancing of the probabilities of a case which is already a certainty on your side the water. I will only say that we shall hope, to the last moment, that the authorities of Virginia will make the best reparation for some things that they have done by sparing the old man's life. *He* may perhaps have no strong desire to live; and his latter years must be dreary enough; but one thinks of his wife, on the one hand; and, on the other, of the exasperation which must follow his death on the gallows.

The interest in the whole affair increases here with the strange news brought by every mail of the manifestations which have taken place in the various districts (if I may say so) of American society. The adoption of Brown and his cause by Northern citizens is almost as striking to us as the panic and bluster, and total insecurity and disorder, of the slaveholders. The first shows how far your work as Abolitionists has advanced; and the other discloses a retrograde state of society more discouraging to the hopes of the negro and his friends than any bad laws or profligate decisions of the Courts. Hence, too, we have a great dread of the news we may have from Washington during the session of this winter. Most of us are perfectly aware that the worst language and all the threats of physical force that are uttered in the Capitol are from Southern men; but still the disgrace of lawlessness in the very seats of law-making spreads itself over the whole confederation. Every personal menace and every abusive speech in Congress is a distinct injury to us here, in its operation on the question of parliamentary reform. We desire and intend to admit a large proportion of the people to electoral privileges; and we find the present a good time to do it, because there is a very general prosperity in the country, and therefore a high degree of political and social contentment. What is done may now be done in a proper business-like temper, and on assigned grounds of principle, instead of being demanded and granted at a moment of agitation, from revolution abroad and excitement at home. It would be a grave difficulty and discouragement if any scene of violence were to occur in the legislature of any free country, just while we are about our work. Every brutal threat from the lips of a Southern representative, every shake of the fist, or gleam of arms or click of the pistol, is noted here; and reformers are asked whether they will exchange the dignity, and quiet, and disciplined language and manners of our time-honored Parliament for such physical and moral controversy as may be witnessed at Washington. We cannot expect to be believed when we tell the objectors that slavery is the parent of evil tempers and bad manners in the capitol as on the plantation, and that, this question apart, there is no reason to apprehend any display of worse manners than in the early days of the Republic. With Mr. Sumner's case before us, and many a squabble on record, we find it hard to convince conservative people that the wide diffusion of the suffrage is not the cause of the differences between the tone of our legislature and of yours. And what can we expect now, when Congress meets in the midst of such an excitement as newspapers tell of? Cannot public opinion be brought to bear on the practice of carrying arms? If it could but be made plain to all your citizens that carrying arms in civil society is disreputable and vulgar, and so considered by all enlightened peoples, we might look forward to the discussions in Congress with less apprehension; but that is just the difficulty. Judging by the speeches reported, and the acts related from the Southern States, the citizens there consider it bravery, instead of cowardice, to carry arms, and high-minded, instead of low-bred, to resort to physical conflict in questions of opinion. How armed and unarmed men, reasoning men and bullies, disciplined men and men of passion, are to sit together, and make laws, we cannot conceive. Whatever they do, we earnestly hope they will not bring disgrace on representative institutions at a moment when the future construction of politics and fate of nations is on the point of being determined for good or for evil.

You will have seen that the suspense and alarm of the Italians have reached their last intensity; and that a Congress, which is to consider their affairs alone, is to meet next month. What eyes will watch that Congress! All Hungary is united as Hungary never was before, and its determination is to obtain its old rights with amendments. This makes Austria absolutely helpless. The Tyrol is disaffected; so is her Venetian province; the Germans are discontented with her; her treasury is empty, and her credit is actually forfeited by some recent transactions. She has no friend but the Emperor who has so lately destroyed her armies, and humbled her before the world. So the subject nations and tribes have reason to hope much from every change. If the Italians would but see, as Garibaldi sees, the needlessness of any fear of Austria, and would make their own political arrangements and prepare to defeat them, they would do the best possible thing for themselves and all other aspirants after freedom. No doubt their late patron, who forced his alliance and his assistance upon them, frowns frightfully, and threatens mysterious vengeance for every free act of theirs; but the least probable of all evils is that he should march against them while his "idea" of last winter, and his Milan proclamation, are fresh in the minds of all men. Whatever the personal reasons were which led or drove him into the war, they exist now; and the peril to himself of marching out against Italian liberty must be even greater than that of going forth in favor of it. The Italians had better have taken their own course three months ago. As they did not, the Congress is the next turning-point of their fortunes.

It seems to be settled that England will take part in the Congress; and therefore it must have been settled that the Italians shall have more or less freedom to arrange their own form of political society. This was, as you are aware, the condition on which England would join the Congress, or without which she would refuse to do so. We begin to be anxious now about the choice of our representative there. Lord Cowley will naturally be the second, but who is worthy to be the first? The clearest points seem to be that the most impossible man on the list is Lord Clarendon; and the most earnestly, if not extensively, desired, Sir Hamilton Seymour—the honest man who so nobly introduced the Russian war, by the detection and exposure of the policy of the Czar. Some peole ask what England can do in the Congress, where she has no business of her own to transact. The answer is that her having no interests but those of the world at large is the highest possible qualification for the occasion. Having nothing to gain or lose, except in common with the whole civilized world, she may speak with a power which cannot be emulated by sovereigns who are seeking to save their lives or their crowns, or to pacify their own armies, or humor their discontented subjects. The Italians now recognize England as their best friend; every power in Europe knows our way of thinking about Italy; and we shall therefore take the highest possible position in the discussion of the question. As to what we shall find to say or do, time will show. Each day will indicate its own duty. Even if we should have to withdraw from an assemblage of potentates so bent on their own interests as to be no fit company for England, which is the representative of popular government, the act of withdrawal would be a weighty and solemn one. This, however, seems improbable. Russia and Prussia seem disposed to let the Italian States alone; and thus three out of the five Great Powers will be virtually favorable to the Italian cause, while a fourth is helpless except in the support of the fifth. The grand difficulty is that a consultation of this sort is no longer what it once was—a consultation of gentlemen, whose word was sacred. It is not yet a year since the French Emperor publicly threatened Austria. He made all possible protestations afterwards that he meant nothing by it, and then went to war with Austria. During the whole interval, he has been playing fast and loose with all parties; and a Congress will not ensure simplicity and good faith in one who is by nature and habit incapable of either. Every move in favor of liberty, too, will be a satire on society and government in France. We have a specimen already of the cajolery he practises when he has a point to carry. He has given orders to the French newspapers to be civil to us; and they obey with a celerity and zeal which prove his responsibility for their recent quarrelsome tone. He wants England at the Congress; and he thus humors her. So he thinks; but the unintelligible point in him is his treating all the world as if it had no memory. We do not relax in our provisions for defence, while inclined, as always, to be on good terms with the people of France. Our Rifle clubs are now a genuine and substantial means of national defence. They have made a great advance since I wrote last.

You will have seen that the Builders' Strike is not only virtually but avowedly over. The closing scene has been most melancholy, but exactly what we expected. The hungry and deluded laborers have discovered that they have been very foolish; and their aroused passions turned finally against the agitators who misled them. The secretary and others have been roughly handled by the poor fellows, in giving out the weekly dole. Coats were torn, and blows enough inflicted to afford an excuse to the agitators for declining to pay the laborers any more money. Thus the poor fellows, who might have had a warm home, and a sum in the bank, find themselves destitute and forsaken at the beginning of winter; and all because they were induced to demand ten hours' wages for nine hours' work, "against the judgment of the country," as they are now told by their own false guides. Their number cannot be very large, as the employers' yards are full—nineteen thousand men having applied for work under the Declaration, as a general or a "shop" rule. The sufferers will, we may hope, never do so foolish a thing again; but there is no security that their children will not. Each generation seems to need experience of a Strike in order to learn the real rights and interests of the laborer.

I observe Mr. Chesson's note in your number of November 12th. No doubt he is correct in attributing the absence of Miss Remond from the platform to Lord Brougham's "prejudices,"—and he is candid in expressing "regret" for those prejudices. He is abundantly sympathized with here in this "regret," for we are indeed sorry and ashamed that the instruction and interest of such an anniversary should be impaired by "prejudices" on any hand.

The movement in favor of the employment of women in profitable occupations is making such progress as to show how much it was needed. With the one exception of *The Saturday Review* (which has lost much influence by its insane insolence), Englishmen seem to have acted and spoken wisely and well on this movement. The difficulties are mainly from the aristocratic spirit of the gentlewomen—a consequence of their imperfect education, and therefore a remediable impediment. They despise a woman who earns her living, and dread losing caste by other women becoming useful. They will not long stand in the way if industrial women and men coöperate to obtain free scope for industry, whencesoever it may arise. The work has gone too far to be ever undone.

H. M.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....No. XV.

PARIS, December 2, 1859.

THE ancients used to mark their days with stones, black when they brought evil, white when they brought good. This day should be marked with the blackest pebble that could be found in some convulsed region of nature. It is the day appointed for the execution of Brown. Even in our cold-hearted, worn out, indifferent Europe, people have been roused by the news from Harper's Ferry; and Brown appears to us as a hero of another age. Simple, courageous, manly, there is a touch of the patriarch in this father of twenty children, and of the old Puritans in this inspired soldier of right and truth, who gives up his own life with such a quiet determination. By how many will his behavior be called a folly; yet it is one of those follies which agitate the conscience of nations and light the world, as a sudden flash of lightning in the darkness. Has not the sacrifice of Christ been called emphatically, by all the theologians of the middle ages, "the folly of the Cross"? This attempt of Brown, this agitation of all hearts in your States, must forward the great work which the Abolitionists have prepared and predicted, and, like St. John, preached in the desert. Whoever doubts that this century will see the American Union dissolved must indeed be blind and as insensible to the signs of the time as a broken barometer to the pressure of the air. It will be the merited punishment of the slave States to be torn from the great republic; abandoned themselves, they will rapidly descend to the state of decomposition, corruption and civil warfare which we witness in the old Spanish States of Central America. *There* is their pole, and such will be their destiny. As for the North, as soon as the stain of slavery is wiped from its laws, it will present to the nations the spectacle of the noblest community in the world. That things will be so, I do not doubt; and I do not care how many statistics are issued about the production of cotton, or how many dissertations about the necessity of obtaining it by servile labor. As man is not nourished by bread alone, so is he not clothed solely by cotton; and there is strength enough left in Christian ideas to destroy all the Manchester school of philosophers.

In this country, the second of December has associations not less horrible than the death of Brown. It is now just eight years since the liberty of a whole nation fell a sacrifice to the ambition of a man who had sworn to defend and secure it. As no single man can tell the history of a battle, since each only sees a few scenes of confusion and horror, I will not attempt to repeat the history of this day, which will forever remain infamous in the annals of the nineteenth century. But why should I not recall to myself my personal experience of this sad day, to revive the sentiments of horror with which it must ever remain clothed in my mind? At six o'clock in the morning, a very early hour in Paris, I was awakened by a friend, and informed that a *Coup d'Etat* was at hand; that the principal members of the Republican Assembly had been arrested; that the walls of the town were covered with proclamations. There had been so much idle talk of a *Coup d'Etat* before that I could hardly believe my friend; but when I dressed and went out, I could read the proclamations and learned that the whole form of government was changed, and that the President took the dictatorship into his own hands. I asked myself if a new 18th Brumaire could succeed in the middle of the nineteenth century, and thought it as wild an enterprise as the attempts of Boulogne or Strasbourg. I passed the whole day in the streets, witnessing the indignation of the population, and seeing Paris in that fervent state of ebullition which always precedes a revolution. The *boulevard* was a sea of human heads, and the murmurs of the floating multitude were alarming. The whole night, awful sounds were heard, troops of men running in the streets, shrieks, trampling of horses; the day after, the streets and boulevards were crowded again; but, one after another, regiments arrived and took position all along that immense line which is the chief artery of Paris—infantry, cavalry, guns rattling on the pavement, bayonets bristling by thousands. I happened, at two o'clock, to go towards the boulevard, by one of the streets leading to it. Arriving at the boulevard, I found the passage intercepted by soldiers; about a hundred people were, as I was, stopped and crowding there. A lady, looking very much frightened, was asking an officer to be allowed to cross the boulevard; she was living on the other side and desired to return home. He refused very rudely. She then said to him, "Might you not order a few of your soldiers to accompany me across? I *must* go home." "Are my soldiers your servants!" was the reply. The bystanders were beginning to feel much irate, and made some remarks to the officer; he then drew his sword, and insulted them in the grossest language, calling them "republican dogs"—"you will soon be well punished for your insolence. March away, all of you, at once, and clear the street." What was to be done? Not one man there was armed; we were quietly and silently retiring, our backs turned upon the soldiers, when I heard the order given for firing. I threw myself down and saw all the people do the same beside me. I sprung swiftly into an open door, but, alas! this could not be done by all. The porter of the house where, with some others, I had thrown myself in, shut the door, put heavy bars before it, and there we were left. For two hours I heard the dreadful noise of guns firing, and sometimes the heavy voice of the cannon was added to it. Then ensued an awful silence. One of us looked through a window with great precaution, and, seeing a sentinel passing quietly across the street, asked leave for us to go out. He consenting, we did so. Leaving behind this dreadful place, I retired, full of the gloomiest thoughts I ever have had in my life, hardly willing to believe my own senses, and sometimes doubting if I had not lost my reason. I crossed the Seine and spent the evening walking in the almost deserted streets of the Latin quarter. The soldiers were encamped on the places before the Pantheon; I saw them revelling and singing joyously in their bivouac; they were entering the houses, and nobody dared to refuse wine or brandy; carriages were stopped and broken to pieces to make great fires. What a night I passed! Ever since, the sight of a military uniform fills me with shame and horror; and all the combats of the Crimea and of Italy have not been able to overcome in my mind the remembrance of this awful battle, fought against unarmed men and women, and won over the most sacred principle of right.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE MARTYR OF 1859.

THY soul is free! thy soul is free!
Hero of Osawatomie!
Time's stormy conflicts now, for thee,
Are lulled to rest in calm eternity.

Earth's rude conditions thwart thy way,
Toy kingly way, no more; nor stay
That mission which diviner away
Has marked for thee, who dost the Heavens obey.

The mighty dead their counsels keep:
The slave shall yet to freedom leap,
When light comes o'er his dreams in sleep,
And voices call him from the inner deep!

O saint, how calmly thou didst die!
Angelic throngs were gathered nigh
The scaffold thou didst glorify,
To lift thy soul up to its place on high.

Yet we must weep, must weep for thee,
Hero of Osawatomie!—
Forever dear thy name shall be,
Thou martyr in the cause of liberty!

Dec. 3d, 1859. MAUD.

ROWDYISM IN BROADCLOTH.

OUR readers in Pennsylvania cannot fail to be edified by the following correspondence, which has grown out of the late unsuccessful and inglorious attempt to "crush out" the freedom of speech in Philadelphia. "The son of his father," who appears to regard himself as a representative of "gentlemen of property and standing" in Philadelphia, cuts as sorry a figure in print as he did in National Hall on the night of Mr. Curtis's lecture, when he was arrested by the police. His literary training would seem to be upon a par with his moral culture. It is not the first time that the manners and morals of a rowdy have been masked in broadcloth.

Mr. R. E. Randall to Mr. C. A. Dana.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26, 1859.

SIR: An editorial publication in the New York *Tribune* of the 22d inst. contains the following paragraph:

"It then seems that the right of Mr. Curtis to address those who choose to listen to him, with their right to hear, is utterly at the mercy of Mr. Robert E. Randall, or any other person who chooses to make a blackguard of himself by senseless noise and interruption."

In the community in which I live, no gentleman, be his political opinions what they may, would apply epithets to me.

You are one of the editors of *The Tribune*, and I am informed that this publication emanated immediately from your department; at all events, when published it goes forth to the world with your sanction and approbation.

I request from you a formal and public declaration that you did not intend to imply to me the epithet of a blackguard, or any offensive imputation inconsistent with the character of a gentleman.

I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

ROBERT E. RANDALL.

To Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, Editor of *The N. Y. Tribune*.

Reply.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1859.

SIR: As I never saw nor heard of the paragraph to which you have called my attention, until I saw it printed in that excellent newspaper, *The Tribune*, I can safely say that I did not intend to "imply" to you any epithet or imputation whatever, especially as I never had the happiness to be aware of your existence until I read that paragraph.

Permit me, however, to observe that it is universally known who is the Editor of *The Tribune*, and that it is another man than me. Your note to me is therefore, to say the least, a mistake, for which an apology would not be improper.

But as you have invited this public explanation from me, I may perhaps be allowed to say that I cannot perceive that the paragraph in question is one of which you can justly complain, unless the statement of fact is erroneous. You are charged with attempting to break up a public meeting, and it has been said that the police interfered and arrested you. If the fact is not so, I will make interest with the Editor of *The Tribune* to procure the insertion of any properly-written denial. If it is so, then nothing remains but a difference of opinion as to the character of the action. You think it was the action of a gentleman, or a man of gentle manners, distinguished by delicacy, refinement, high culture, perfect respect for the rights and feelings of others, and above any base or disorderly conduct. *The Tribune*, on the other hand, seems to think, with the Philadelphia police, that it was the action of a blackguard or a rowdy, which a gentleman might by misfortune be led into, but which he ought to be ashamed of. But if you are sure you are right, and I trust you are, why should you be [illegible] By those who take [illegible] opposite view of the case? It is impossible to reconcile all opinions in this world, and, as a general thing, when a man enjoys the approbation of his own conscience, he can afford to forbear from insisting on that of all other men.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
C. A. DANA.

To Mr. ROBERT E. RANDALL, of Philadelphia.

"BARKIS IS WILLING."

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Dec. 26, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

LAST evening, at the close of an anti-slavery meeting in this place, at which a committee was appointed to circulate petitions for a Personal Liberty bill, a lady came forward and said, "She had no interest in those petitions. They were not up to the exigencies of the hour. We should flood Congress with petitions for the immediate dissolution of the Union. We should direct our Congressmen to come home without delay." Immediately there were responses over the house, "That's right," "I'll sign it," "So will I." Such a petition is this morning in circulation.

This earnest woman was right. The true response to the post-office robbery, the expulsions, the lynchings and hangings of Northern citizens by slaveholders is disunion. They tell us in Congress, through their Governors and their State legislation, that the only price of Union is the suppression of freedom of opinion, of utterance and of religious worship, and a still more positive, and therefore wicked and humiliating, support of slavery than even now exists. The only honorable response we can make is that we are more than willing—we are anxious—for the most speedy separation possible.

Long enough, through the Union, have we of the North held the slaves and guarded the plantations. Long enough, through it, have we crushed out the slave's *sacred right to insurrection*, moral and physical. Through it the people of the North shot down the heroes of Harper's Ferry and then branded their names with the felon's infamy. Northern Democrats and Republicans, through the Union, guarded John Brown's jail and gallows, and it is they who gibbeted this apostle of liberty. Is not this enough? The Union is and must be accursed in the hearts of all the good. Let us leave no means untried for its dissolution, especially as now the slaveholders seem so anxious to proffer us their aid. Petitions to Congress and petitions to our State Legislatures should be the order of the day, while the Personal Liberty bill should not lack our earnest efforts.

Yours, M. R. ROBINSON.

ANTI-SLAVERY SCULPTURE.—Mr. John Rogers, a young sculptor of this city, has designed and executed a group of dramatic statuary, in miniature, which certainly gives evidence of a fine artistic power. It is a group of four figures, representing "The Slave Auction." The auctioneer stands behind his desk, the embodiment of all the odious traits which a business so inhuman naturally suggests. A family of slaves, consisting of a father, mother and two children, are in the fore ground, and the auctioneer is soliciting a bid for the mother and children separate from the father. The mother (a quadroon) anxiously clasps her playful babe to her bosom, while her older child peeps out from her skirts with fear and curiosity. The features and the attitude of the father (a full-blooded negro) express the sorrow and indignation naturally excited by the circumstances in which he is placed. The whole arrangement of the figures is in harmony with the subject, and the general effect is admirable. If the primary object of Art were ornament merely, this group might be objected to on account of the painfulness of its subject; but if moral instruction be one of its legitimate offices, the work is certainly worthy of the highest commendation. It certainly indicates fine natural powers in the artist and gives promise of still nobler achievements in the future. Copies of the work, in plaster, will be furnished by the author for $3, at his studio, in Broadway, corner of Broome street.

ANNUAL ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—We learn that this Convention will be held at ALBANY, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 31, Feb. 1 and 2. There will be due announcement of an able corps of speakers. In the present state of public feeling in behalf of the slave's cause, this meeting cannot fail to be one of unusual interest. We trust that our readers in different parts of the State will, as far as possible, make their arrangements to attend.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. January, 1860. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

With this number *The Atlantic Monthly* enters upon the third year of its existence. Commenced in the commercial crash of 1857–8, it has been a success from the very beginning, though, up to the present time, its *pecuniary* profits may not have been large. Its literary standard has been higher than that of any other work of its class in this country, while its tone in respect to current topics of reform has placed it in honorable contrast with most of the magazine literature of the time. The slavery question has been handled, if not according to our notions, yet in a spirit so unmistakable as to cut off all hope of Southern patronage and represent the Northern sentiment, now partially regenerated and rapidly assimilating itself to the principles which lie at the foundation of our government. We trust that, in the hands of its new publishers, it will not, in this respect, undergo any other change than such as will impart fresh vigor and earnestness to its testimony against the great crime of the age. The publishers say in their prospectus: "No change will be made in the general character of the magazine; all the writers whose contributions have established it in the popular favor will continue to make it their medium of communication with the public." Subscribers, therefore, may still look to its pages for contributions from Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Higginson, Mrs. Stowe, Longfellow, and many other popular favorites.

Of the contents of the present number we have not room to speak at length. We give a list of the articles:

Our Artists in Italy.
The Amber Gods.
Song of Nature.
Nemophily.
Substance and Shadow.
Through the Fields to Saint Peter's.
The Experience of Samuel Absalom, Filibuster.
Roba di Roma.
Abdel-Hassan.
Afloat Spires.
The Professor's Story.
Andenken.
Central British America.
Art.
Reviews and Literary Notices.

"The Professor's Story" is, of course, from no other than the established favorite, the "Autocrat." It opens well, certainly, and, as it is to be continued during the year, it will doubtless be very attractive. The most beautiful poem in the number, according to our judgment, is "Abdel-Hassan," which we see erroneously attributed in some quarters to Whittier. The author, if we are not much mistaken, is B. Rush Plumly of Philadelphia.

The subscription price of *The Atlantic* is $3, which includes postage. We may save some of our readers trouble if we say that we are *not* authorized this year to send it in connection with THE STANDARD at a reduced price. Subscribers who received it in this way last year, if they wish to renew, must remit to the publishers, Ticknor and Fields, Boston, according to terms.

PROGRESS OF THE WEST INDIA COLONIES UNDER FREEDOM.

This is a valuable digest of evidence, including also proof of the inexpediency of legislative interference with immigration, by Mr. HAUGHTON, so well known on both sides of the Atlantic as the friend of freedom and temperance. It was he who coöperated so effectually with O'Connell and Father Mathew, to make their countrymen in America the friends of the oppressed; and at their instance a voice went up from Ireland that made slaveholders tremble. So much did they feel the force of the appeal, which was signed by hundreds of thousands in Ireland, that they tried to break up the meetings where it was presented; and thus, by reaction, secured the defeat of their own schemes.

Mr. Haughton's paper on the West Indies condenses the evidence of Bigelow, Gurney, Bleby, Buxton, Bulwer-Lytton, Clarke, with much other matter afforded by English and West India newspapers, and sifts the whole, for the consideration of a body of Irish gentlemen, associated in Dublin for statistical inquiry, at one of their recent meetings.

On a previous occasion Mr. Haughton presented to the same society the statistics of free and slave labor in the United States, taking for his basis of authority the book of Mr. HELPER, with the corroborative evidence of Mr. STERLING'S "Letters from the Slave States."

We see by a late copy of the *Dublin Evening News* that Mr. Haughton has rebuked Mr. Smith O'Brien's leanings to the party in power, when discoursing on American affairs, and corrected his misrepresentation of the Abolitionists as cherishing prejudice against color. We assure Mr. Haughton, and every such lover of man and defender of right, of our thanks.

THE WHITE HILLS; their Legends, Landscape and Poetry. By THOMAS STARR KING. With sixty Illustrations, engraved by Andrew, from drawings by Wheelock. 403 pp. royal octavo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

Here is a work of great practical as well as high poetic interest, combining literary excellence with almost every embellishment known to the art of book-making. Type, paper, binding, illustrations, all would compare favorably with the most elegant productions of the English press, than which nothing finer is known in typographic art.

The object of the work, in the author's own words, is to direct attention to the noble landscapes that lie along the routes by which the White Mountains are now approached by tourists—many of which are still unknown to travellers; to help persons appreciate landscape more adequately, and to associate with the principal scenes poetic passages which illustrate either the permanent character of the views or some peculiar aspects which the author has seen in them. These objects, we think, are attained to such an extent as cannot fail to satisfy all reasonable expectations. Mr. King, as an observer of natural scenery has a keen and practiced eye, his descriptive powers are of a high order, his poetic taste such as is requisite to chastened beauty of expression. He has evidently studied, with conscientious thoroughness, the scenes he describes, so that the reader who takes him for a guide—as most travellers will, probably, for a long time to come—will be in no danger of being misled upon any important point.

The work is distributed under the following heads:

The Four Valleys (Introductory).
Exploration of the White Hills. (Contributed by Professor Edward Tuckerman.)
Lake Winnepiseogee.
The Pemigewasset Valley and Franconia.
The Saco Valley and Chocorua.
The Notch and its Vicinity.
The Vegetation of the White Mountains. (Contributed by Prof. Tuckerman.)
The Androscoggin Valley.
The Glen.
The Ascent of Mount Washington.
The Connecticut Valley.

"WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LABOR"; or Low Wages and Hard Work. In three Lectures, delivered in Boston, November, 1859. By CAROLINE H. DALL. "Thank God I a song for the women as well as the men."—*Charles Auchester*. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

We envy not the moral characteristics of the man whose heart this little work does not set throbbing with sympathy for the class whose wrongs it depicts, or who can rise from its perusal without a fixed resolve, God helping him, to do all that he can to right those wrongs. We have read much upon the "woman question," but nothing more convincing or more powerful than this. The questions at issue are fairly stated, and the argument for the equal rights of woman is set in a light so clear that we see not how any candid reader can fail to be convinced. The first chapter, in which "Death or Dishonor" is shown to be the dread alternative forced upon thousands of women by social environments which they are powerless to shake off, is full of startling facts and heart-moving experiences. It is an appeal to all that is most Divine in human nature, in behalf of those whose rights and wrongs involve every interest of society. We earnestly commend the whole work to the thoughtful attention of all our readers. We wish it might be read aloud at every fireside in the land.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY, from New York to San Francisco, in the Summer of 1859. By HORACE GREELEY. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

Here are the Letters—thirty-four in number and lately published in *The Tribune*—in which Mr. Greeley describes what he saw in the course of a "rough-and-tumble" journey across the American continent, much of the way through regions never before traversed or described. Hurriedly written, mainly in wagons or under the rudest tents, far from books of reference, and often in the absence of even the commonest map, they are yet exceedingly interesting, and, we doubt not, reliable for accuracy of description and statement. Mr. Greeley has the power to describe in plain English, and without needless detail, whatever comes under his observation; and we doubt if any traveller across the wide region which intervenes between the settled portions of the great West and the Pacific coast ever made a more agreeable or useful book than the one before us. His observations on the Mormons and their doctrines are particularly racy—especially the report of his interview with Brigham Young. His account of what he saw in California gives us a clearer view of some of the peculiarities of that State than we had previously obtained.

TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or the Publisher of THE STANDARD, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Subscribers in arrears, to whom bills have been sent, are also requested to make prompt payment.

TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, of Ohio, is an Agent of the *American Anti-Slavery Society*, and as such is commended to all friends of the Society, and of uncompromising anti-slavery. As editor of the (Ohio) *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, and as a clear, earnest and impressive speaker, his services have been of the greatest value to the cause, and have entitled him to the fullest confidence and respect of its friends. In full apprehension of the principles of Anti-Slavery, in faithful application of them, and in a fair and courteous spirit to opponents, he is surpassed by no one.

Mr. Robinson is at present laboring in Western New York. He will receive subscriptions to the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and other Anti-Slavery papers, and donations to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

MARRIED.

DICKINSON—WISE.—On the 12th inst., by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, L. W. Dickinson, of Terre Haute, Indiana, to Carrie H. Wise, of Philadelphia.

DIED.

ABBOTT.—At Andover, Mass., December 15, 1859, Capt. Job Abbott, in the 78th year of his age.

Special Notices.

☞ ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN BUCKS COUNTY.—Miss Mary Grew of Philadelphia, M. B. Linton and others will speak upon Slavery in the Tullytown Hall, on First day (Sunday), January the First, at 2 p. m. Also in Yardleyville on the 2d of January, at 7 o'clock in the evening.

☞ JUNIOR ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A stated meeting of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Clarkson Hall, on Tuesday evening, January 3d, 1859.

ANNA R. JUSTICE, Sec'y.

☞ MEETINGS IN COLUMBIA

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE CONTRAST.

"We'll force the tax, and rule your trade,"
In times gone by Great Britain said;
"Let Adams, Hancock, Otis rave,
The red cross o'er you still shall wave."

And then Old Faneuil Hall rang out,
With patriots' speech, and freemen's shout:
"Though war and rapine scourge the land,
We scorn the laws by despots planned."

Another "Old Dominion" now
Beneath her yoke bids Boston bow;
Not Union, but subjection, claims
Of those who bear heroic names.

And, straightway, Faneuil Hall sends out
The gilded speech and purchased shout,
"Insult, oppress us, as you will,
We kiss your feet, and serve you still."

Boston, December, 1859.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXI.

John Sharpe and Tom Hynes were in close conversation in a corner near the stoop of the L—— tavern. Evidently they had some important affair to consult upon, for their heads were very close to each other, and they talked in a low tone, looking round cautiously every two or three moments, as if fearing listeners.

"I tell yer, Tom," said Sharpe, in a grave voice, "I jest believes some runaway is hid in that free nigger's cab'n. I was prowlin' 'bout thar, t'other night, an' I hearn talk till a late hour. I crawled up putty close to the side of the winder, but I couldn't ketch any words, but the buzzin' of voices was plain to me as that nose in yer face. Well, I watched thar' smack till daylight, an' nobody come out of that cab'n. 'Twasn't none o' the neighborin' niggers a-visitin' Rachel. I'd give the very pick o' my pigs to ketch that gal in some kind o' mischief. Consarn her imperdence, she once riled up agin a little fun I offered her, jest the same as if she war white. Them merlattoes is orful proud, an' the free ones mightily sot up. But do yer know, Tom, that folks in these parts is beginnin' to talk about Col. Vartner; he's bin seen a heap o' times stealin' away from that cab'n. Now, I sorter 'luded to this to that yaller wench, an' she jist flew at me equal to any tabby cat, and clawed an' scratched my face. Well, I swore then I'd be trouble to her, and I means to keep my oath."

"I've no objections to yer bringin' the yaller hussy inter trouble; but what do you want to draw me inter yer work fur? I've nothin' agin the gal; besides, I don't want to make Col. Vertner mad; he is a rich man an' a gentleman, an' spends his money freely. I doesn't want no fuss with him."

"Not if you can git a job o' work as'll fetch you a fat fee?"

"Now, you're comin' to sense. I ken listen with consideration to you when you talks 'bout fees. That view of the subject alters the case very materially. Now to bisness. What is it you mistrusts?"

"I ken change yer way o' thinkin' an' reasonin' mighty quick, Hynes, when I talks 'bout money; I tells you I jist b'lieves if you war' dead an' a person was to lay a sixpence under yer nose, you'd come back to life."

"Consarn yer triflin'; go on with bisness. What rat have you bin a-smellin' round that free nigger's cabin?"

"I tell you I does know an' feel that thar' is a nigger hid thar'—a runaway *too*; how does you know but it may be the widder Vitetor's Maria? I'd be glad to have that gal ketched; she b'longed to a widder woman, an' I ain't fur them sort a-bein' cheated out of their rights; an' then, too, I'd like to have that gal, Rachel, well punished fur her tarnation imperdence to me. Now, I'm goin' to keep up a close watch round that cab'n, but I ain't nothin' in trackin' runaways to what you are. S'pose you jist gives that cab'n an eye?"

"Well, I will look after it now, since you seem so sure that somebody is hid thar'. I'd like to ketch that Vitetor gal: she was rale ungrateful to her old mistress, who, they say, raised her jist as kind as though she'd bin her own child; but them's the kind as allers gives the slip when they gits a chance. But darn my buttons if I don't b'lieve, after all, that a nigger an' a hoss both has a right to tharselves if thar legs can carry 'em off."

His companion looked at Hynes distrustfully; he was puzzled, and, for want of a proper expression of surprise, laughed. Some brutes are not all brutes; occasionally we see a faint, very faint, flash of something better, something that gives us a partial promise of *what might be*, under different and better training.

"Well, I'll see 'bout this job, John; I'll be lookin' round that cab'n; an' if I find a runaway thar, he may look out fur sure ketchin'. Good mornin'; I must be off now"; and, whittling at a stick, Hynes moved away in the direction of a group of idlers seated upon the front steps of the building.

"Good mornin', Squire; good mornin', Capt. McFarland; good mornin', Mr. Bosby"; and touching his hat slightly, Tom Hynes was soon at home with the *precious* crowd; while John Sharpe, not altogether pleased with his chum's treatment, skulked quietly off to indulge his revenge in secret. Rachel's insult had never been forgotten, not even for a single moment, but was nursed in his heart, and he looked forward with anxious hope to the day and the hour when he might bring ruin to her. His dull brain, which had never known the higher enjoyment of thought, was now never weary of plodding and devising plans and schemes by which best to carry out his wicked design against a helpless woman. As he walked down one of the streets of L——, with his head slightly bent, a sickly sort of light broke over his countenance; the usually sullen eye began to twinkle most viciously and his lips to wreathe or writhe themselves into a sardonic smile.

"Yes," he muttered, "I'll hunt up that nigger man Isaac and set him on this bisness, and I'll be bound matters 'll soon come to a head."

Pursuing his walk for some yards until he reached the outskirt of the village, he stopped in front of a blacksmith's shop, and stood, with his arms resting upon the sill, gazing into the open shop window.

A large, heavily-built black man (slightly lame), in a leathern apron, stood over the red, glowing fire, looking down into the blazing coals, singing fast as the sparks flew from his heated forge. Sharpe's figure darkened the window and the smithy looked up suddenly, while a broad smile spread over his face.

"Good mornin', Mas'er Sharpe; good mornin'"; and brushing the heat from his forehead with the sleeve of his tow shirt, he left the furnace, and, coming close to the window, seemed to know that he was wanted for a special purpose.

"What is it, Mas'er Sharpe?"

"Oh, nothin'; I only thought I'd look in on you a bit; hard work that, ain't it?"

"Putty hard, Mas'er, but still bein better than no work."

"So yer wouldn't like to live easy an' be without work?"

The negro laughed aloud as he replied,

"No, mas'er, I'd not like to live all the time widout work to do; work is jest as wholesome fur me as meat; but den I likes fur Sunday to come; I cou'dn't live without it. Sunday sorter hopes one up fur Monday, and I kan't say I'se sorry to see Monday come round agin."

"Wal, Isaac, you're one of 'em rare niggers that loves work; 'tain't common fur a nigger to work 'cept he is afraid of the cowskin."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Isaac's loud laughter rung out in a peal at this. "Dat ain't me, Mas'er Sharpe; dat ain't me, no how; I don't work bekase I'se afeared. No, sir-ee. I works bekase these hands won't be still. I had a bilious fever once, an' my ole miss declared dat my fingers wouldn't hold still; I jist fumbled an' worked 'mong de bed-close until it tired 'em all to look at me. Ya, ya! I hain't got none of 'em lazy bones in dis ole carcass of mine."

"Well, now, I have got a job o' work fur you that'll pay well if yer 'tends to it right.

"What is it, Mas'er Sharpe?" The black man's face began to fairly *shine* at the prospect of making money. "What is it, Mas'er Sharpe?" He limped a little closer, until his woolly head touched Sharpe's hat; and here an earnest little conference ensued. Isaac looked troubled; he shook his head—occasionally bowed; his countenance all the while wearing a serious, puzzled expression. "But, Mas'er Sharpe," he said, raising his voice from the whispering tone in which the colloquy had hitherto been conducted, "dis here may bring us into trouble; you can soon git out of it; but what's a nigger like me gwine to do? I'se not very skeery, but den I'd rader not hab anyt'ing to do long o' dis here; it's gwine to bring trouble; I seems to see dat much."

"D—n it, how ken it bring trouble to your black skin? I tell you again, I'll take kere of you; an' if you sarves me in this job, you'll not have cause to be sorry; but if you doesn't do what I asks, you'll have occasion fur trouble in real earnest. You remembers that ten dollars I lent to you?"

"Yes, Mas'er Sharpe, I 'members it well, an' hopes soon to pay it back."

"Wal, I sarved you then; you sarve me now."

"I'll do what you wants, Mas'er Sharpe." The negro's tone was hopeless, but Sharpe spoke in a lively manner,

"Cheer up, Isaac; the day is gittin' brighter fur you; you will yit be a free man, it's plain to me; I'm willin' to help you."

"Ah, mas'er, it 'pears to me that day goes furder an' furder off. When I was a young man, 'bout eighteen, I hoped dat twenty-five would not find me a slave. Oh" (he heaved a deep sigh), "dat day looks mighty fur back in de old times now; here I is forty-five an' no nearer my freedom now than I was den." The head went down lower and lower on the breast until the face was entirely concealed. Sharpe stood curiously watching his victim and his tool; large drops fell down upon the negro's dirty tow shirt, but they were not tears (those old hard-worked eyes could not weep), but bitterer drops than tears: they broke from the skin in a sweat of chill agony, and burst out thickly over the brow, throat, cheeks, and, in fact, from every pore of that black body. It was the gathered rain shed from clouds of grief old almost as the slave's life. But they did not tell upon the sympathy of his curious beholder. Sharpe gazed at that drooping figure with as careless an eye as he would have looked upon a horse.

"Come, don't be down-hearted; cheer up; all will be well with you after a bit; only sarve me, an' yer wont be forgotten."

The interview was here cut short by a man calling out, "Come, Isaac, I wants you to shoe this horse."

*THE PURITAN PRINCIPLE AND JOHN BROWN.**

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

After the customary preliminary exercises of singing and reading of the Scriptures, Mr. Phillips commenced his discourse. He said:

I thank God for John Calvin. To be sure, he burned Servetus; but the Puritans, or, at least, their immediate descendants, hung the witches; George Washington held slaves; and wherever you go up and down history, you find men, not angels. Of course, you find imperfect men; but you find great men; men who have marked their own age, and moulded the succeeding; men to whose might of ability, and to whose disinterested suffering for those about them, the succeeding generations owe the larger share of their blessings; men whose lips and lives God has made the channel through which his choicest gifts come to their fellow-beings. John Calvin was one of these—perhaps the profoundest intellect of his day; certainly, one of the largest statesmen of his generation. His was the statesmanlike mind that organized Puritanism, that put ideas into the shape of institutions, and in that way organized victory, when, under Loyola, Catholicism, availing itself of the shrewdest and keenest machinery, made its reactive assault upon the new idea of the Protestant religion. If in that struggle Western Europe came out victorious, we owe it more to the statesmanship of Calvin than to the large German heart of Luther. We owe to Calvin—at least, it is not unfair to claim, nor improbable in the sequence of events to suppose, that a large share of those most eminent and excellent characteristics of New England, which have made her what she is, and saved her for the future, came from the brain of John Calvin.

Luther's biography is to be read in books. The plodding patience of the German intellect has gathered up every trait and every trifle—the minutest—of his life, and you may read it spread out with loving admiration on a thousand pages of biography. Calvin's life is written, in Scotland and New England, in the triumphs of the people against priestcraft and power. To him, more than to any other man, the Puritans owed Republicanism—the Republicanism of the Church. The instinct of his own day recognized that clearly—distinguishing this element of Calvinism. You see it in the wit of Charles the Second, when he said, "Calvinism is a religion unfit for a gentleman." It was unfit for a gentleman of that day; for it was a religion of the people. It recognized—first since the earliest centuries of Christianity—that the heart of God beats through every human heart, and that when you mass up the millions, with their instinctive, fair-play sense of right, and their devotional impulses, you get nearer God's heart than from the second-hand scholarship and conservative tendency of what are called the thoughtful and educated classes. We owe this element, good or bad, to Calvinism.

Then we owe to it a second element, marking the Puritans most largely, and that is—*action*. The Puritan was not a man of speculation. He originated nothing. His principles are to be found broadcast in the centuries behind him. His speculations were all old. You might find them in the lectures of Abelard; you meet with them in the radicalism of Wat Tyler; you find them all over the continent of Europe. The distinction between his case and that of others was, simply, that he practised what he believed. He believed God. *He actually believed him*, just as much as if he saw demonstrated before his eyes the truth of the principle. For it is a very easy think *to say*; the difficulty is *to do*. If you will tell a man the absolute truth, that if he will plunge into the ocean, and only keep his eyes fixed on heaven, he will never sink—you can demonstrate it to him—you can prove it to him by weight and measure—each man of a thousand will believe you, as they say; and then they will plunge into the water, and nine hundred and ninety-nine will throw up their arms to clasp some straw or neighbor, and sink; the thousandth will keep his hands by his body, believing God, and float—and he is the Puritan. Every other man wants to get hold of something to stay himself; not on faith in God's eternal principle of natural or religious law, but on his neighbor; he wants to lean on somebody, he wants to catch hold of something. The Puritan puts his hands to his side and his eyes upon heaven, and floats down the centuries—Faith personified.

These two elements of Puritanism are, it seems to me, those which have made New England what she is. You see them everywhere developing into institutions. For instance, if there is anything that makes us, and that made Scotland, it is common schools. We got them from Geneva. Luther said, "a wicked tyrant is better than a wicked war." It was the essence of aristocracy: "Better submit to any evil from above than trust the masses!" Calvin no sooner set his foot in Geneva than he organized the people into a constituent element of public affairs. He planted education at the root of the Republic. The Puritans borrowed it in Holland, and brought it to New England, and it is the sheet-anchor that has held us amid the storms and the temptations of two hundred years. We have a people that can think; a people that can read; and out of the millions of refuse lumber, God selects one in a generation, and he is enough to save a State. One man that thinks for himself is the salt of a generation poisoned with printing ink or cotton dust. The Puritans scattered broadcast the seeds of thought. They knew it was an error, in counting up the population, to speak of a million of souls because there were a million of bodies—as if every man carried a soul!—but they knew, trusting the mercy of God, that by educating all, the martyrs and the saints—that do not travel in battalions, nor ever come to us in regiments, but come alone, now and then one—would be reached and unfolded, and save their own time. Puritanism, therefore, is *action*; it is impersonating ideas; it is distrusting, and being willing to shake off, what are called institutions. They were above words; they went out into the wilderness, outside of forms. The consequence was that, throughout their whole history, there is the most daring confidence in being substantially right. They asked not of safety; they never were frightened by appearances; they did the substantially right thing, and left the statesmen of a hundred years after, at a safe distance, to find out the reasons why they were right. The consequence is that, when conservatism comes together to-day, whether in the form of a "Union meeting"—dead men turning in their graves and pretending to be alive—whether it be in this form or any other, its occupation is to explain how, a hundred years ago, it was right, and not to see the reflection of a hundred years ago staring them in the face to-day. Like the sitting figure on our coin, they are looking back—they have no eyes for the future. The souls that God touches have their brows gilded by the dawn of the future. A man present at the glorious martyrdom of the 2d of December, said of the hero-saint who marched out of the jail, "He seemed to come, his brow radiant with triumph." It was the dawn of a future day that gilded his brow. He was high enough, in the providence of God, to catch, earlier than the present generation, the dawn of the day that he was to inaugurate.

This is my idea of Puritan principles. Nothing new in them. How are we to vindicate them? Eminent historians and patriots have told us that the pens of the Puritans are their best witnesses. It does not seem to me so. We are their witnesses. If they lived to any purpose, they produced a generation better than themselves. The true man always makes himself to be outdone by his child. The vindication of Puritanism is a New England bound to be better than Puritanism; bound to look back and see its faults and meet the exigencies of the present day, not with stupid imitation, but with that essential disinterestedness with which they met the exigencies of their time. Take an illustration. When our fathers stood in London, under the corporation charter of Charles, the question was, "Have we a right to remove to Massachusetts?" The lawyers said, "No." The fathers said, "Yes, we will remove to Massachusetts, and let law find the reason fifty years hence." They knew they had the substantial right. Their motto was not "Law and Order"; it was "God and Justice"—a much better motto. Unless you take "Law and Order" in the highest meaning of the words, it is a base motto—if it means only recognizing the majority. Crime comes to history gilded and crowned, and says, "I am not crime; I am success." And history, writter by a soul girded with parchments and stunned with half-a-dozen languages, says, "Yes, thou art *success*; we accept thee." But the faithful soul below cries out, "Thou art CRIME! Avaunt!" There is so much in words.

This is the lesson of Puritanism—how shall we meet it to-day? Every age stereotypes its ideas into forms. It is the natural tendency; and when it is done, every age grows old and dies. It is God's beneficent providence—death! When ideas have shaped themselves and become fossil and still, God takes off the weight of the dead men from their age, and leaves room for the new bud. It is a blessed institution—death! But there are men running about who think that those forms which the old and the experience of the past have left them are necessarily right and efficient. They are conservatives. The men who hold their ears open for the message of the present hour, they are the Puritans.

I know these things seem very trite; they *are* very trite. All truth is trite. The difficulty is not in truth. Truth never stirs up any trouble—mere speculative truth. Plato taught—nobody cared what he taught; Socrates acted, and they poisoned him. It is when a man throws himself against society that society is startled to persecute and to think. The Puritan did not stop to think. He recognized God in his soul, and *acted*. If he acted wrong, our generation would load down his grave with curses. He took the risk. He took the curses of the present, but the blessings of the future swept them away, and God's sunlight rests upon his grave. That is what every brave man does. It is an easy thing *to say*. The old fable is of Sysiphus rolling up a stone, and the moment he gets it up to the mountain top, it rolls back again. So each generation, with much trouble, and great energy and disinterestedness, vindicates for a few of its sons the right to think; and the moment they have vindicated the right, the stone rolls back again—nobody else must think! The battle must be fought every day, because the body rebels against the soul. It is the insurrection of the soul against the body—free thought. The gods piled Etna upon the insurgent Titans. It is the emblem of the world piling mountains—banks, gold, cotton, parties, Everetts, Cushings, *Couriers*—everything dull and heavy—to keep down thought. And ever again, in each generation, the living soul, like the bursting bud, throws up the incumbent soil, and finds its way to the sunshine and to God; and is the oak of the future, leafing out, spreading its branches, and sheltering the race and time that is to come.

I hold in my hand the likeness of a child of seventeen summers, taken from the body of a boy, her husband, who lies buried on the banks of the Shenandoah. He flung himself against a State for an idea; the child of a father who lived for an idea; who said, "I know that slavery is wrong; thou shalt do unto another as thou wouldst have another do to thee"—and flung himself against the law and order of his time. Nobody can dispute his principles. There are men who dispute his acts. It is exactly what he meant they should do. It is the collision of admitted principles with conduct which is the teaching of ethics; it is the normal school of a generation. Puritanism went up and down England and fulfilled its mission. It revealed despotism. Charles the First and James, in order to rule, were obliged to persecute. Under the guise of what seemed government, they had bidden tyranny. Patriotism tore off the mask, and said to the enlightened conscience and sleeping intellect of England, "Behold! that is despotism!" It was the first lesson; it was the text of the English Revolution. Men still slumbered in submission to law. They tore off the semblance of law; they revealed despotism. John Brown has done the same for us to-day. The slave system has lost its fascination. It had a certain picturesque charm for some. It called itself "chivalry," and "a State." One assault has broken the charm—it is despotism! Look how barbarous it is! Take a single instance. A young girl throws herself upon the bosom of a Northern boy, who himself had shown mercy, and endeavors to save him from the *Christian* rifles of Virginia. They tore her off, and the pitiless bullet found its way to the brave young heart. She stands upon the streets of that very town and dare not avow the motive—glorious, humane instinct—that led her to throw herself on the bosom of the hapless boy! She bows to the despotism of a brutal State, and makes excuses for her humanity! That is the Christian Virginia of 1859. In 1608, an Indian girl flung herself before her father's tomahawk on the bosom of an English gentleman, and the Indian refrained from touching the English traveller whom his daughter's affection protected. Pocahontas lives to-day, the ideal beauty of Virginia, and her proudest names strive to trace their lineage to the brave Indian girl. That was Pagan Virginia, two centuries and a half ago. What has dragged her down from Pocahontas in 1608 to John Brown in 1829, when humanity is disgraceful, and despotism treads it out under its iron heel?—who revealed it? One brave act of an old Puritan soul, that did not stop to ask what the majority thought, or what forms were, but *acted*. The revelation of despotism is the great lesson which the Puritan of our month has taught us. He has flung himself, under the instinct of a great idea, against the institutions beneath which we sit; and he says, practically, to the world, as the Puritan did, "If I am a felon, bury me with curses. I will trust to a future age to judge betwixt you and me. Posterity will summon the State to judgment, and will admit my principle. I can wait." Men say it is anarchy; that this right of the individual to sit in judgment cannot be trusted. It is the lesson of Puritanism. If the individual, criticizing law, cannot be trusted, then Puritanism is a mistake; for the sanctity of individual judgment is the lesson of Massachusetts history in 1620 and '30. We accepted anarchy as the safest. The Puritan said, "Human nature is sinful"; so the earth is accursed since the fall; but I cannot find anything better than this old earth to build on; I must put my corner-stone upon it, cursed as it is; I cannot lay hold of the battlements of heaven. So Puritanism said, "Human nature is sinful; but it is the best basis we have got. We will build upon it, and we will trust the influences of God, the inherent gravitation of the race towards right that it will end right."

I affirm that this is the lesson of our history: that the world is fluid; that we are on the ocean; that we cannot get rid of the people, and we do not want to; that the millions are our basis; and that God has set us this task: "If you want good institutions, do not try to bulwark out the ocean of popular thought—sweep it back. If you want good laws, earn them." Conservatism says, "I can make my own hearthstone safe; I can build a bulwark of gold and bayonets about it high as heaven and deep as hell, and nobody can touch me, and that is enough." Puritanism says, "It is a delusion; it is a refuge of lies; it is not safe. The waters of popular instinct will carry it away. If you want your own cradle safe, make the cradle of every other man safe and pure. Educate the people up to the law you want." How? They cannot stop for books—show them manhood—show them a brave act. What has John Brown done for us? The world doubted, over the horrid word "insurrection," whether the victim had a right to arrest the course of his master, and, even at any expense of blood, to vindicate his rights; and Brown said to his neighbors in the old school-house at North Elba, sitting among the snows—where nothing grows but men—wheat freezes—"I can go South, and show the world that he has a right to rise and can rise." He went, girded about by his household, carrying his sons with him. Proof of a life devoted to an idea! Not a single spasmodic act of greatness, coming out with no back-ground, but the flowering of sixty years. The proof of it, that everything around him grouped itself harmoniously, like the planets around the central sun. He went down to Virginia, took possession of a town, and held it. He says, "You thought this was strength; I demonstrate it is weakness. You thought this was civil society; I show you it is a den of pirates." Then he turned around in his sublimity, with his Puritan devotional heart, and said to the millions, "Learn!" And God lifted a million hearts to his gibbet, as the Roman cross lifted a million of hearts to it, in that divine sacrifice of two thousand years ago. To-day, more than a statesman could have taught in seventy years one act of a week has taught these eighteen millions of people. That is the Puritan principle.

What shall it teach us? "Go thou and do likewise." Do it, by a resolute life. Do it, by a fearless rebuke. Do it, by preaching the sermon of which this act is the text. Do it, by standing by the great example which God has given us. Do it, by tearing asunder the veil of respectability which covers brutality calling itself law. We had a "Union meeting" in this city awhile ago. For the first time for a quarter of a century, political brutality dared to enter the sacredness of the sick chamber, and visit with ridicule the broken intellect, sheltered from criticism under the cover of sickness. Never, since I knew Boston, has any lip, however excited, dared to open the door which God's hand had closed, making the inmate sacred, as he rested under broken health. The four thousand men who sat beneath the speaker are said to have received it in silence. If so, it can only be that they were not surprised at the brutality from such lips. And those who sat at his side—they judge us by our associates; they criticize us, in general, for the loud word of any comrade—shall we take the scholar of New England, and drag him down to the level of the brutal Swiss of politics, and judge him indecent because his associates were indecent? I thank God for the opportunity of protesting, in the name of Boston decency, against the brutal language of a man, thank God, not born on our peninsula, against the noble and benighted intellect of Gerrit Smith.

On that occasion, too, a noble island was calumniated. The New England scholar, bereft of everything else on which to arraign the great movement in Virginia, takes up a lie about St. Domingo, and hurls it in the face of an ignorant audience—ignorant because no man ever thought it worth while to do justice to the negro. Edward Everett would be the last to allow us to take an English version of Bunker Hill, to take an Englishman's account of Hamilton and Washington, as they stood beneath the scaffold of André, and read it to an American audience as a faithful description of the scene. But when he wants to malign a race, he digs up from the prejudice of an enemy they had conquered a forgotten lie—showing how weak was the cause he espoused, when the opposite must be assailed with falsehood, for it could not be assailed with anything else.

I said that they had gone to sleep, and only turned in their graves—those men in Faneuil Hall. It was not wholly true. The Chairman came down from the heart of the Commonwealth and spoke to Boston safe words in Faneuil Hall, for which he would have been lynched at Richmond, had he uttered them there that evening. Thanks to God, I said, as I read it, a hunker cannot live in Massachusetts without being wider awake than he imagines. He must imbibe fanaticism. Insurrection is epidemic in the State; treason is our inheritance. The Puritans planted it in the very structure of the State; and when their children try to curse a martyr, like the prophet of old, half the curse, at least, turns into a blessing. I thank God for that Massachusetts! Let us not blame our neighbors too much. There is something in the very atmosphere that stands above the ashes of the Puritans that prevents the very most servile of hearts from holding a meeting which the despots of Virginia can relish. They do not know how to be servile within forty miles of Plymouth. They have not learned the part; with all their wish, they play it awkwardly. It is the old stiff Puritan trying to bend, and they do it with a marvellous lack of grace. I read encouragement in the very signs—the awkward attempts made to resist this very effort of the glorious martyr of the Northern hills of New York. Virginia herself looks into his face and melts; she has nothing but praises. She tries to scan his traits; they are too manly, and she bows. Her press can only speak of his manhood. One has to get outside the influence of his personal presence before the slaves of Virginia can dig up a forgotten Kansas lie, and hurl it against the picture which Virginian admiration has painted. That does not come from Virginia. Northern men volunteer to do the work which Virginia, lifted for a moment by the sight of martyrdom, is unable to accomplish. A Newburyport man comes to Boston, and says that he *knows* John Brown was at the massacre of Pottawotomie. He was only twenty-five miles off! The Newburyport orator gets within thirty miles of the truth, and that is very near—for him! But Virginia was unable—mark you!—Virginia was unable to criticize. She could only bow. It is the most striking evidence of the majesty of the action.

There is one picture which stands out in bright relief in this event. On that mountain-side of the Adirondac, up among the snows, there is a plain cottage—"plain living, and high faith," as Wordsworth says. Grouped there are a family of girls and boys, hardly over twenty; sitting supreme, the majestic spirit of a man just entering age—life one purpose. Other men breed their sons for ambition, avarice, trade; he breeds his for martyrdom, and they accept serenely their places. Hardly a book under its roof but the Bible. No sound so familiar as prayer. He takes them in his right hand and in his left, and goes down to the land of bondage. Like the old Puritans of two hundred years ago, the muskets are on one side and the pikes upon the other; but the morning prayer goes up from the domestic altar as it did from the lips of Brewster and Carver, and no morsel is ever tasted without that same grace which was made at Plymouth and Salem; and at last he flings himself against the gigantic system, which trembles under his single arm. You measure the strength of a blow by the force of the rebound. Men thought Virginia a Commonwealth; he reveals it a worse than Austrian despotism. Neighbors dare not speak to each other; no man can travel on the highway without a passport; the telegraph wires are sealed, except with a permit; the State shakes beneath the tramp of cannon and armed men. What does she fear? Conscience. The apostle has come to torment her, and he finds the weakest spot herself. She dares not trust the usual forms of justice. Arraigned in what she calls her court is a wounded man, on a pallet, unable to stand. The civilized world stands aghast. She says "it is necessary." Why? "I stand on a volcano. The Titans are heaving beneath the mountains. Thought—the earthquake of conscience—is below me." It is the acknowledgment of defeat. The Roman thought, when he looked upon the cross, that it was the symbol of infamy—only the vilest felon hung there. One sacred sacrifice, and the cross nestles in our hearts, the emblem of everything holy. Virginia erects her gibbet, repulsive in name and form. One man goes up from it to God, with two hundred thousand broken fetters in his hands, and henceforth it is sacred forever.

I said that, to vindicate Puritanism, the children must be better than the fathers. Lo, this event! Brewster, and Carver, and Bradford, and Winthrop faced a New England winter and defied law for themselves. For us, their children, they planted and sowed. They said, "Lo! our rights are trodden under foot; our cradles are not safe; our prayers may not ascend to God." They formed a State, and achieved that liberty. John Brown goes a stride beyond them. Under his own roof, he might pray at liberty; his own children wore no fetters. In the catalogue of Saxon heroes and martyrs, the Ridleys and the Latimers, he only saw men dying for themselves; in the brave souls of our own day, he saw men good as their fathers; but he leaped beyond them, and died for a race whose blood he did not share. This child of seventeen years gives her husband for a race into whose eyes she never looked. Braver than Carver or Winthrop, more disinterested than Bradford, broader than Hancock or Washington, pure as the brightest names on our catalogue—nearer God's heart, for, with a divine magnanimity he comprehended all races—Ridley and Latimer minister before him. He sits in that heaven of which he showed us the open door, with the great men of Saxon blood ministering below his feet. And yet, they have a right to say, "We created him."

Lord Bacon, as he takes his march down the centuries, may put one hand on the telegraph and the other on the steam engine, and say, "These are mine, for I taught you to invent." So the Puritans may put one hand on John Brown and say, "You are ours, though you have gone beyond us, for we taught you to believe in God. We taught you to say, God is God, and trample wicked laws under your feet. And now, from that Virginia gibbet, he says to us, "The maxim I taught you, practise it! The principle I have manifested to you, apply it! If the crisis becomes sterner, meet it! If the battle is closer, be true to my memory! Men say my act was a failure. I showed what I promised, that the slave ought to resist, and could. Sixteen men I placed under the shelter of English law, and then I taught the millions. Prove that my efforts were not a failure, by showing a North ready to stand behind it. I am willing, in God's service, to plunge with ready martyrdom into the chasm that opens in the forum, only show yourselves worthy to stand upon my grave!"

It seems to me that this is the lesson of Puritanism, as it is read to us to-day. "Law" and "order" are only names for the halting ignorance of the last generation. John Brown is the impersonation of God's order and God's law, moulding a better future, and setting for it an example.

*Delivered in the Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday, Dec. 18, before the congregation to which Theodore Parker so long ministered.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

IN THE FOREST.

In the forest, in the mountain,
Stealing shy from swamp to cave,
Garments soiled and thin and tattered,
Panting, flies the trembling slave!

Power is on his covert track,
Thirsting wild to drink his blood;
Cold and danger haunt the darkness,
Hunger knits the tangled wood.

Yet no revenge has fired his soul,
And resting there no stain of crime;
Why wander from Edisto's flowers
To dim Arcadie's colder clime?

All things dear, save life, are gone;
Woman's hand has left his brow;
Childhood's smile and warbled glee
Melt not thro' his spirit now.

Cheerful homes, where Plenty revels,
And the crimson hearth-fires play,
Beckon from the dreary forest,
From his stormy mountain way.

Sweet from all the village churches
Vesper-bells entrance the air,
Where the followers of Jesus
Gather to their haunts of prayer.

But he fears the laws of man—
Some Judas at the altar bowed;
And he shuns the legal snares—
Flees from hearth and saintly crowd!

Wretched pilgrim—bleeding stranger!
Doomed to fear thy human kind
More than beasts that prowl the forest—
More than want and cold combined.

Is Freedom's but the Savior's story,
Born upon the manger bed—
Angels of the Father round him—
Stars of glory overhead?

From the Inn's more spacious chamber,
Public walk and market-place,
From the splendors of the Temple,
Must she hide her holy face?

Not in vain, deserted brother,
Thy lingering warfare here below,
Evermore the Eternal Eye
Measures the rewards of woe.

And on the yet unfolded journey
Through the fairer life above,
Human hate shall cease to follow—
Nearer throb celestial love!

Earth is brief, but heaven is endless;
Battle here, but triumphs there;
God is Love, though man be Anger;
Trust His promise—trust His care!

Bristol, Pa., 12 mo. 1859. S. S.

The Decline of the Quakers.—We have lately noticed in the London literary journals the announcement of three different books relative to the Society of Friends and its decline. We mentioned two of these books among our late literary items. We now observe a third, entitled, "The Society of Friends; an Inquiry into the Causes of its Weakness as a Church. By John Fox." Among the causes mentioned by the author is its zealous pursuit of wealth. "It is said that the majority of the banking firms of the metropolis have descended from the members of the Society of Friends." This, we should think, is hardly a just cause for the decline of this respectable body of Christians. It is an evidence rather of the great economy and frugal habits of Friends, who, by not indulging in the gayeties and extravagances of the world, have been enabled, through many generations, to accumulate wealth. It is said that there are now in England and Wales about sixteen thousand Friends or Quakers; that the new admissions during the present century have averaged forty-eight a year, "yet the total steadily diminishes, the yearly secession reaching, probably, an average of sixty, women falling off more rapidly than men." Mr. Fox accounts for this diminution, first, on account of the peculiar language of the Society; second, by its abstaining from proselytism; third, by its "mystic doctrine and singular ministry, together with its defective discipline and its rigors with respect to marriage; and lastly, by its eccentricity of costume," which, he says, was never contemplated by the founders of the Society. We apprehend, from the name of the writer of this work, which belongs to old Quaker families in England, that he is among the seceders alluded to.—*Providence Journal.*

BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE.

John Brown of Osawatomie
Spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul
A priest in Slavery's pay.
But, let some poor slave-mother,
Whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair
Put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Osawatomie,
They led him out to die;
And lo!—a poor slave-mother
With her little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender,
And the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks
And kissed the negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life
That moment fell apart:
Without the rash and bloody hand,
Within the loving heart.
That kiss from all its guilty means
Redeemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair
The Martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly
That seeks through evil good,
Long live the generous purpose
Unstained with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror,
But the thought which underlies;
Not the outlaw's pride of daring,
But the Christian's sacrifice.

Oh! never may yon blue-ridged hills
The Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes
Flash on the negro's spear.
But let the free-winged angel Truth
Their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might
And justice more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set
Her battle in array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead
The winter snow with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle,
But she dare not harm the dove;
And every gate she bars to Hate
Shall open wide to Love!

—*Independent.* J. G. W.

VICTOR HUGO ON JOHN BROWN.

To the Editor of The London News.

Sir: When one thinks of the United States of America, a majestic figure rises to the mind—Washington. Now, in that country of Washington see what is going on at this hour.

There are slaves in the Southern States, a fact which strikes with indignation, as the most monstrous of contradictions, the reasonable and freer conscience of the Northern States. These slaves, these negroes, a white man, a free man, one John Brown, wanted to deliver. Certainly if insurrection be ever a sacred duty, it is against slavery. Brown wished to begin the work by the deliverance of the slaves in Virginia. Being a Puritan, a religious and austere man, and full of the gospel, he cried aloud to these men—his brothers—the cry of emancipation—"Christ has set us free!" The slaves, enervated by slavery, made no response to his appeal; slavery makes deafness in the soul. Brown, finding himself abandoned, fought with a handful of heroic men; he struggled; he fell riddled with bullets, his two young sons, martyrs of a holy cause, dead at his side. This is what is called the Harper's Ferry affair.

John Brown, taken prisoner, has just been tried with four of his fellows—Stevens, Coppie, Green and Copeland. What sort of trial it was a word will tell.

Brown, stretched on a truckle bed, with six half-closed wounds—a gun-shot wound in his arm, one in his loins, two in the chest, two in the head—almost bereft of hearing, bleeding through his mattress, the spirits of his two dead sons attending him; his four fellow-prisoners crawling around him; Stevens with four sabre wounds; "justice" in a hurry to have done with the case; an attorney, Hunter, demanding that it be despatched with sharp speed; a Judge, Parker, assenting; the defence cut short; scarcely any delay allowed; forged or garbled documents put in evidence; the witnesses for the prisoner shut out; the defence clogged; two guns loaded with grape brought into the court, with an order to the jailers to shoot the prisoners in case of any attempt at rescue; forty minutes deliberation; three sentences to death. I affirm, on my honor, that all this took place, not in Turkey, but in America.

Such things are not done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience of mankind is an ever-watchful eye. Let the Judges of Charlestown, and Hunter, and Parker, and the slaveholding jurors, and the whole population of Virginia, ponder it well: they are seen. They are not alone in the world. At this moment the gaze of Europe is fixed on America.

John Brown, condemned to die, was to have been hanged on the 2d of December—this very day. But news has this instant reached us. A respite is granted him. It is not until the 16th that he is to die. The interval is short. Has a cry of mercy time to make itself heard? No matter. It is a duty to lift up the voice.

Perhaps a second respite may be granted. America is a noble land. The sentiment of humanity is soon quickened among a free people. We hope that Brown may be saved. If it were otherwise, if Brown should die on the scaffold on the 16th of December, what a terrible calamity!

The executioner of Brown, let us avow it openly (for the day of the kings is past, and the day of the people dawns, and to the people we are bound frankly to speak the truth)—the executioner of Brown would be neither the attorney Hunter, nor the judge Parker, nor the Governor Wise, nor the State of Virginia; it would be, we say it, and we think it with a shudder, the whole American republic.

The more one loves, the more one admires, the more one reveres the republic, the more heart-sick one feels at such a catastrophe. A single State ought not to have the power to dishonor all the rest, and in this case federal intervention is a clear right. Otherwise, by hesitating to interfere when it might prevent a crime, the Union becomes an accomplice. No matter how intense may be the indignation of the generous Northern States, the Southern States associate them with the disgrace of this murder. All of us, whoso